

# THE NAPANEE

Vol. XXXVII] No. 9—JNO. POLLARD, Editor and Publisher.

NAPANEE, ONT., CAN.

## Drink "Kolona."

Pure Ceylon Teas which are the finest in the market and which will give you the Cup that cheers and does not inebriate. For sale only at

**W. COXALL'S.**

## Great Slaughter. Prices Cut and Slashed.

We have bought out a few lines of Winter Clothing from a wholesale house at our own prices and we will be able to give you the best value for your money as the goods must be sold this month to make room for spring goods. We intend to make our large stock of Ulsters, Overcoats and heavy D. B. Suits move rapidly if low prices will do it.

Boy's Frieze Ulsters \$2.75 worth \$4.00.  
Youth's Ulsters \$4.00 worth \$6.00.  
Men's Ulsters from \$4.00 up.  
Raccoon Coats \$24.00 worth \$35.00.

A large variety of Youth's and Boy's Suits to choose from at away down price.

We have a very large assortment in fine black Coats and Vests it is a bargain stock all through. There is enough for all. You can now reach the limit of the purchasing power of your dollar, come and see for yourself our big stock in Clothing and you will be pleased.

## A. M. VINEBERG, Choice Christmas Groceries

Fresh new Goods at lowest prices, comprising: Raisins—finest Valencias, Californias, Sultana or Seedless, also stem and seeded in one pound packages.

Blue and Black Basket Desert Raisins. The finest Spanish stock. Currants, cleaned and ready for use.

Figs, nuts, confectionery peels, California apricots, prunes, flavoring extracts and spices.

Snowflake Pastry Flour, made by W. W. Ogilvie the largest miller in Canada. Use this and your Christmas Pastry will not disappoint you. Cream of the West, best Bread Flour, Cheese and Creamery Butter.

## TAYLOR & MORRIS,

## NEW PLANING MILL AND LUMBER YARD.

Now in full operation. All kinds Lumber, Sash, Doors and Blinds. Custom work done on shortest notice. Get our prices before buying. Mr. Embury is prepared to draw plans for parties wanting them.

**Embury, Jackson & Co.**

## Facilities Cou For

Count for a good deal with the Robins most modern and up-to-date facilities to do quantities, to sell in big quantities. With this things for the spring trade.

## Silk Department.

Our Silk Department holds an exclusive position in Napanee. We have always the newest, and best goods, and prices somehow are lower here than anywhere else. This week we open the first lot of our "Spring Purchase."

Blouse Silk, New Patterns regular 35c. for 25c. per yd.	Black Tricotine Silk, regular \$1.00, for 75c. per yd.
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Blouse Silk, new patterns very extra values at 35c 50c and 75c.	Black Satin Merv, worth \$1.50 for \$1.10 per yd.
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Cream Satin, regular 90c. quality for 50c. per yd.	Black Satin Duchesse worth \$2.00 for \$1.50 per yd.
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Shot Silks, all shades regular \$1.00 for 75c. per yd.	Blk. Surah Silk, regular 90c. quality for 50c. per yd.
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## Table Linens.

Our facilities for handling large quantities in our Linen Department are taxed to their utmost capacity. Sales are simply wonderful, you need not be an expert to recognize the values here. This weeks specials are

60 inch Table Linens worth 37½c. for 25c.

60 inch Table Linens worth 50c. for 37½c.

If you can't come to Napanee write a postal card

Nature has a code of signals—a language sharp and tired, weary feeling are in the code. They show that the system is run down and dragged out. Nature's medicine for this is Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills—they benefit the entire system, brace the nerves, and brighten the brain, curing nervousness, sleeplessness, and palpitation.



NADA—FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4th 1898.

\$1 per Year in advance; \$1.50 if not so paid.

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## Something....

inson Company. Facilities in this store are the  
o things on a large scale, to buy goods in big  
is thought uppermost we have planned big

### Chiffons.

We carry quite a stock of Chiffons equal to any  
city store. No need to send to Toronto for these  
goods when you can buy them cheaper in Nap-  
anee.

Chiffons all shades 12½c. per yd.  
Chiffons all shades 15c. per yd.  
Chiffons all shades 20c. per yd.  
Chiffons all shades 25c. per yd.  
Chiffons all shades 75c. per yd.  
Chiffons all shades 90c. per yd.

### Lace Curtains.

We have just received one hundred pairs of Lace  
Curtains which we will sell at 25c. per pair.  
Other special values at 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25  
per pair.

### The Famous

#### "Lorne" Shirtings.

We want every lady in these counties to see our  
new make of "Lorne" Shirtings. The patterns are  
very handsome, the colors are perfectly fast and the  
price is only 12½c. per yd.

card for samples of anything you want.

## COAL

We are selling of the best grades of  
Anthracite Coal in the market.  
Blacksmiths, try our Smithing Coal and  
you will use no other. Prices right.  
Prompt delivery guaranteed.

Leave your order at C.P.R. Telegraph  
Office or at our yard office.

The Rathbun Company.

R. SHIPMAN, Agent.

### NEWS FROM THE COUNTRY.

To Correspondents.—Persons sending in  
items from the surrounding district must  
sign their names to correspondence as a  
sign of good faith, not for publication.  
Any correspondence received without the  
name attached will not be published.

#### PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY.

The Prince Edward County Sabbath  
School Convention was held in the First  
Methodist Church here, on Tuesday, Jan-  
uary 25th inst., when a large and interested  
audience assembled. Lively addresses and  
speeches were interspersed throughout the  
proceedings, on the various subjects brought  
forward, particularly on the normal training  
of teachers. A very telling address was  
given by Alfred Day, Esq., general secre-  
tary. The proceedings throughout were  
characterized by a telling interest in Sab-  
bath School work which has been unequalled  
in our county for a number of years.

#### HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

To be beautiful we must have pure blood and  
a clear skin. BUNDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER purifies  
the blood and makes the skin bright and clear.  
It cures all skin and blood diseases. Witness  
the following: "I had scrofula on my face for  
some time, and could get no relief until I tried  
B.B.B. One bottle healed me and left no scars.  
It is the greatest blood purifier in existence."  
MARY C. BERRY, Toronto, Ont.

#### PICTON.

Napanee and Picton hockey clubs have  
come together and played an interesting  
match on Picton King st. rink, which proved  
disastrous to the Napanee club, Picton  
club being victorious by 4 to 2.

The thermometer dropped to twenty  
below zero on Thursday, and on Sunday  
four degrees lower.

On Friday, January 21st, William Mc  
Cormack, aged 79 years, one of the oldest  
and most respected residents of the Town-  
ship of North Marysburgh, was found badly  
bruised and in an unconscious state in  
his cow stable. It appears that he had  
been knocked down by one of the cattle and  
trampled upon, and being alone receiving  
internal injuries which resulted in his death  
on the following Sunday, and was interred  
in the family graveyard on Tuesday, Jan.  
25th, Glenwood cemetery. His funeral was  
largely attended.

Friday evening, January 28th, one of the  
big events of the season took place at  
Demoreville, in the way of a chicken pie  
dinner, given under the auspices of the  
Methodist church. Mr. R. Dobson, B. A.,  
High School Glee Club, Miss Butler, Miss  
Lorne, and several others of Picton talent  
took part in the programme. Proceeds, \$90.

The county council granted the sum of  
\$100 to aid in establishing a Protestant  
Orphan's Home in Picton.

Mr. John Bongard left on Saturday eve-  
ning with a car of 19 horses for the English  
market.

The market on Saturday, January 29th,  
was small but prices were good; potatoes  
from 60c to 70c per bag, butter 14c to 16c  
per lb., eggs 18c to 20c per doz., chicken  
40c to 60c per pair, beef 3½c to 5c per lb.,  
pork \$5.50 per 100 lbs.

#### HACKING COUGH CURED.

GENTLEMEN.—My brother was troubled with  
a very bad hacking cough, but after using three  
bottles of Norway Pine Syrup he was completely  
cured.

#### WILTON.

On account of the bad roads there was no  
mail on Tuesday.

Miss Paula Mills visited friends in Kings-  
ton last week.

Jas. Wallace and wife are visiting friends  
near Belleville.

Mrs. J. S. Fralick, Morven, and Mrs. L.  
VanSlyck, Walhalla, Dakota, visited at W.  
N. Neilson's on Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Nellie Priest is visiting friends in  
Kingston. Quarterly services will be held  
in the Methodist church next Sunday, at  
10.30 o'clock, and communion services in  
the Presbyterian church at 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Jas. Davy is very poorly again.

LIVER TROUBLES, biliousness, sallow  
complexion, yellow eyes, jaundice, etc.  
yield to the curative powers of LAXA  
LIVER PILLS. They are sure to cure.

#### NEWBURGH.

On Saturday evening, January 25th, the  
second grand Masquerade Carnival was  
held on the Newburgh rink and would have  
resulted in a great success had the evening  
turned out a favorable one. As it was  
about 200 hundred assembled to enjoy the  
old time sport. The following persons were  
in costume:

Snow Flake Sisters—Miss Eva Madden,  
Miss Gertrude Eiles.  
Chinaman—Wilbur Paul.  
Judie—Maurice Paul.  
Lawn Tennis Players—R. Lott, W. Dunn.  
Charles II—Fred shorts.  
New Woman—Fred Miles.  
Bridget—Eby Paul.  
Dinky—Ray Vannalstine.  
Uncle Sam—R. Frye.  
Sambo—Meaford Conway.

The boys race proved to be the most ex-  
citing event of the evening. About seven-  
teen entered, and five finished up with  
Wilfred Sutton in the lead. In the event  
of best gentleman skater, Mr. W. Dunn, of  
Napanee took the prize. There were no  
entries in the "best lady skater in costume"  
event. The young ladies of Newburgh are  
of course very bashful and do not like to  
make a start alone. It is to be hoped the  
proprietors of the rink will strike upon a  
better evening if they have another carni-  
val. It has been rumored however that  
there will be one in the near future with  
the Yarker Band in attendance. If this  
event should take place it is to be hoped  
the people of the village will encourage the  
affair and give the promoters their support.

#### ERINSVILLE.

Mrs. Phalen's "free ball" will be held on  
Monday, 14th February. All are requested  
to attend and help to eat the oysters.  
Charges moderate, only fifty cents per  
couple to enter the hall, supper and music  
included. Come and enjoy an evening's  
outing.

Miss Annie Hayes, Picton is a guest at  
the Phalen House.

Miss Gertrude Phalen, who has been very  
sick, is now convalescent and gaining  
strength rapidly under the able care of Dr.  
Clark.

Meetings are numerous and much dis-  
satisfaction accrues therefrom. A number  
of ratepayers have no use for them.

Mr. John Lynch has taken to himself a

# BINSON CO.

## COAL

\$4.50 to \$5.50.

For your winter's supply of Coal go to

## DAFOE'S

—AT THE—

## 'BIG MILL'

and choose from the best stock of Hard Coal offered in Napanee. and at prices to suit the times.

\$4.50 to \$5.50 per Ton.

I have nothing to say about other people's Coal but will guarantee my own to be equal to any Coal sold in Canada, and mined in the Scranton District. Call at the office and see samples and get prices before purchasing. We give value for your money and 2000 pounds for a ton.

**J. R. DAFOE.**

The Smart Man.

"Lend me a dollar," said the simple one. "Haven't but 50 cents," said the smart man. "So I will lend you a half and owe you a half."

"And that," said the simple one, after he had taken the 50 cents, "to the best of my comprehension, makes us square. You owe me a half and I owe you a half, which same I have just borrowed. Somehow I am a half dollar ahead, but why should such a feeble intellect as mine question the gifts of the gods?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Saved.

It was at an afternoon tea and the crush was simply terrific. It seemed that nothing would save the few men present, when one quick witted woman exclaimed, "Ladies, please remember there are gentlemen in the crowd!"

It was all that preserved the poor things from a horrible fate.—Philadelphia North American.

A Gentlemanly Act.

When Davy Crueckett returned to his home in Tennessee after his visit to the east, he told some friends that the finest gentleman that he met was a gentleman in Philadelphia, who asked him to take a drink and turned his back while Davy was pouring it out.—Puck's Weekly.

How It Happened.

Employment Agent—See here! How is this? You staid two weeks in your last place. How did that happen?

Domestic—Sure, Oi dunno. Oi musht be overshlept meself.—New York Weekly.

A Pledge Fulfilled.

He—When I was young, I decided to make one woman happy.

She—Well, as you have remained a bachelor you may certainly flatter yourself that you have done so.—London Home Notes.

For Policy's Sake.

"There is only one thing I ever do for policy's sake."

"What's that?"

"Pay my premium."—New York Truth.

A Coquette.

He saw a ring upon her hand  
Ere he his love had spoken,  
And so he asked her if the gem  
Could be another's token.

"How can I tell?" the maid replied,  
While he his heart imbued,  
He never let my right hand know  
The things my left hand doeth."

NAPANEE MILLS.

The cement works are running full time and about sixty men are employed. The new Aalburgh kiln has been running about three weeks, proving very satisfactory. Messrs. Rathbun, Sherwood and Butler, with a number of the forestry commission, arrived here by special train on Tuesday to visit the cement works. The strangers expressed both pleasure and surprise with this great industry.

C. Thompson is building a new residence. John Boyer is rushing the work on his house.

William Colden had his foot injured by a tunnel car in the cement works last week. Willie Dunn, station agent, attended the carnival at Deseronto Friday evening and secured the prize for the best costume.

Joseph McNeil, a Camden boy, residing at Warner, N.Y., arrived here on January 22nd. On Monday he was married to Miss McConnell and with his bride returned to the States.

William Tompkins, absent from here nearly twenty years, has returned for a visit, accompanied by his wife and two children. Mr. Tompkins is a wealthy farmer of Oregon, U.S. He is a brother of Mrs. G. Dunlap and J. Tompkins, this place.

William Billinghamurst, Warner, N.Y., is visiting friends here.

Master Hugh Boney is very ill.

Miss Vera Madden has been obliged to give up school on account of poor health.

Mrs. Chas. Wier, Tweed, spent a few days with her father, H. Davy.

William Ramsay visited friends at Tweed for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McAyoy attended the wedding of her brother, J. J. McNeil.

WORMS cannot exist either in children or adults when DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP is used. 25c. All dealers.

Mrs. William Gillivray, of Toronto, 60 years of age, gave birth to a baby girl a few days ago. Her husband is 78 years of age. The proud old mother was married when she was 15 years of age.

AN IMPORTANT CASE.

A Pedlar Sent to Prison For Representing an Imitation Pill to be the Same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—A Far Reaching Decision.

MONTREAL, Jan. 24, 1898.—A case of more than ordinary interest to the public came before Judge Lafontaine here to-day, the facts being as follows: For some time past one H. E. Migner has been going about peddling a pill which he represented as being the same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The Dr. Williams Medicine Co. placed the matter in the hands of Detective Haynes, of the Canadian secret service, who soon had collected sufficient evidence to warrant the arrest of Migner on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. Meantime Migner had left Montreal, going to St. John, N.B. On his arrival in that city he was at once placed under arrest and an official sent to bring him back here. He was brought before Judge Lafontaine this morning on two charges, and pleaded guilty to both. It was pointed out that his offence was a grave one and left him liable to a lengthy term of imprisonment. The counsel for the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. stated that his clients did not wish to establish the fact that representing an imitation pill to be the same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was a crime which left the perpetrator liable to a lengthy imprisonment. On one charge the judge then imposed a sentence of ten days, with the option of a fine of ten dollars, and in the other case a sentence of two days in jail without the option of a fine.

This decision is likely to have a far reaching effect, as it seems to establish the principle that substitutes and those who sell imitations representing them to be "the same as" Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, are liable under the criminal code, which is in force all over the Dominion, and it will no doubt, to a considerable extent, put an end to this nefarious business, as it is evident from the fact that the Dr. Williams Medicine Co. went to the expense of bringing this man back from so great a distance as St. John, that they intend sparing no expense to protect both the public and themselves in such cases.

Dr. J. M. Lynch has taken to himself better half for life. Something I myself will have to do soon or be left.

MISS M. BRADSHAW  
Wesleyville, Ont.

## Your Help is Needed

FOR ONE OF THE BEST OF ALL CHARITIES  
SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

## Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium, Gravenhurst

For the Treatment and Cure of Pulmonary Consumption.

Incorporated by Special Act of Dominion Parliament.

President: Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Canadian High Commissioner, London, Eng.

Vice-President: Sir Wm. Ralph Meredith, Kt., Toronto.



Davies Memorial Cottage.

Presented by Mr. Wm. Davies and Family, Jarvis Street, Toronto.

*Opened only 4 months and 45 patients have been received.*

*A number have been discharged, as cured or with disease arrested.*

*As evidence of improvement nearly all the patients have gained in weight, and 20 out of the entire number have shown a gain of from 15 to 28 pounds in two or three months of their stay.*

*3000 young men and women die each year in Ontario from this dread disease.*

*Lives of 1500 would be saved if the necessary funds were forthcoming and the disease was promptly detected.*

*Will you aid in this good work?*

*Your dollar may save the life of some young man.*

It is a Disease of the Poor.

*You help those who most need help. While all suffer, both rich and poor, Consumption is especially a disease of the poor.*

REV. J. PEAREN, a well known Methodist minister of Toronto, in writing to the Medical Superintendent, says:—

"I am desirous that all sufferers should know of the good work that the Sanatorium is doing. When I sent my daughter to the Institution I felt that it was our last hope so far as human help goes, but after spending about three months there she returned with a new lease of life upon her face. The benefit she received seems also to be permanent, for she has increased in weight since her return a month ago.

Yours truly, J. PEAREN.

DR. OSLER of Baltimore, one of the most distinguished physicians in America, writes as follows:—

"I enclose my cheque for twenty-five dollars, and you can put me down as an annual subscriber for that amount, as I feel nothing which has been started in Canada will do more practical good."

Contributions may be sent to any of the Trustees or to W. J. GAGE, Chairman Executive Committee, or to AMBROSE KENT, Treas., Toronto.



## THE SLOAN MEDICINE CO.

Dear Sirs—For years I was troubled with periodical sick headaches, being affected usually every Sunday, and used all the remedies that were advertised as cures, and was treated by almost every doctor in Guelph but without any relief. One doctor told me it was caused by a weak stomach, another said it was hereditary and incurable. I was induced by a neighbor to try Sloan's Indian Tonic, and am happy to say I did so. A few doses gave immediate relief, and one bottle and a half made a complete cure.

This was three years ago and the headaches have never returned. I was also troubled with asthma and nothing helped me like your Sloan's Indian Tonic. I can heartily recommend it to all and will be glad to give any particulars to any one afflicted as I was.

W. C. KEOGH.

For sale at all dealers or address the Company at Hamilton. Price \$1.00 per bottle; 6 bottles for \$5.00.

## THE RENOWNED

GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS  
THE DOMINION PIANOS AND ORGANS

EVER GOOD AND RELIABLE

## TUNING AND REPAIRING

SECOND HAND INSTRUMENTS  
BOUGHT AND SOLD.....

THE DISCOUNT SALE STILL GOING ON.

## W. A. ROCKWELL.

## WANTED.

MEN TO SELL FOR THE FORTNIGHTLY NURSERY. OVER 700 ACRES OF CANADIAN GROWN STOCK. WE IMPORT NO STOCK FROM THE STATES.

Farmers, farmers' sons, implement agents, students, teachers, retired ministers, energetic clerks who wish to make advancement, and the work of selling our Hardy Home Grown Nursery Stock, pleasant as well as profitable. We want more such men this season as the demand for goods is increasing owing to the fact that we guarantee all our stock free from San Jose scale.

We make contracts with whole or part time men. Employment the year round. To pay both salary and commission. Write us for terms. Outfit free.

STONE & WELLINGTON,  
Toronto, Ontario.

## FARMERS ATTENTION.

Insure your property in the Lennox and Addington Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Because it is a Home Company.

Because it is a Safe Company. Because it is the cheapest and best. Because it affords the most liberal policies to patrons.

Because it insures only (isolated) non-hazardous risks, as farm property, country churches, halls and school houses.

Because it is the Farmer's Company managed by Farmers in the interest of farmers of the Counties of Lennox and Addington, Hastings, Frontenac, Lanark and Leeds.  
Officers—J. B. Aylsworth, President; B. C. Lloyd, Vice-President; Directors—A. C. Parks, U. C. Sills, W. R. Gardiner, I. F. Aylsworth, Honorary Directors—Jas. Reid, M.P.P., A. V. Price, Camden, C. B. Allison, Wm. Chesters, Fredericksburg, D. W. Allison ex-M.P., Adolphustown; F. B. Guess, Col. Geo. Hunter Kingston; Allen Pringle, Ira B. Hudgins, Richmond. The board meets at the Secretary's office in the first Saturday of every month at one p.m.

J. N. McKim, Nanapanee.  
N. A. Eaton, Nanapanee. Agents  
(Thos. B. Wilson, Newburgh)  
M. C. BOGART Sec'y-Treas.

## The Dominion Bank

ESTABLISHED 1871.

CAPITAL — \$1,500,000.00  
RESERVE FUND — \$1,500,000.00

Deposits received and interest allowed.

Drafts on all parts of Great Britain and United States bought and sold.

"The Province is on the verge of direct taxation" cries Mr. Whitney. This hoary-headed old chesnut did service for the opposition 15 years ago. It is time for a change.

The majority of people don't appreciate a thing at its true worth until they have lost it. The affairs of Ontario have been so long wisely and economically administered that the ratepayers have come to accept it as a matter of course. While they are satisfied with the existing state of affairs it is doubtful if they are sensible of the time, patience and devotion to the affairs of the Province entailed on the members of the Government in placing Ontario in the very satisfactory position she occupies to-day. While the parrot cry, "It is time for a change," finds no echo in the hearts of the electorate of this province, that very undesirable change may be brought about by apathy or a sense of false security on the part of the friends of the Ontario Government. The very weakness of the opposition may prove its source of strength. There are no great issues before the people in this campaign. Mr. Whitney has no policy and advances no valid reasons why a tried and honest administration should be replaced by his discredited aggregation. Beyond insuring the return of the Reform Government the people are not interested in the campaign. Hardy's return is looked upon as a foregone conclusion and the chief danger is that a fancied security may induce many to neglect recording their votes. It is an unwise thing to underrate your opponent. It is alleged that the Conservatives are counting for success on the apathy of the Reformers. As eternal vigilance is the price of liberty

To the Editor of THE EXPRESS.

Sir—Will you allow me to say a few words through your columns to some of our party friends.

We have had good government, good clean sensible progressive business-like government, so long in Ontario, that we are quite apt to grow careless, and feel that it would naturally always continue to be so. If we should have to undergo in our provincial affairs for many years such an incapable wasteful corrupt regime, a regime so entirely unfriendly to farmers and agriculture, as obtained in Ottawa so long, we would then have a very lively and wide awake appreciation of the value of good government.

Now it is a good deal easier to keep good government while we have it, than to get it back again after it is once lost. Therefore we should all strongly and actively support the unanimous nominee of the Reform party, Mr. Bowen E. Aylsworth.

I know the leaders of the opposition have made a great noise about some supposed transactions. Some people can make mountains out of mole-hills. If the glass through which you look at a mole-hill have great magnifying power enough, you'll think you are seeing a mountain. But sensible people needn't keep on looking through the glass or delude themselves very long that it is really a mountain they are looking at.

The Globe, which, by the way is the fairest, clearest, and best paper of its class in the Dominion, and I may say here that for \$1.25 you can get both the Express and Globe for a year, the best value you ever got for the cheapest money—the Globe quietly, calmly, reasonably and clearly shows how unwarranted were the attacks, and how immensely exaggerated were the misrepresentations of the Opposition leaders. Their great mountains were really nothing but little mole-hills about an inch high.

But for all that if the Conservative party in this county can get their opponents divided so as to vote for two candidates, they the Conservatives will probably win. We know how often that trick has been tried before.

Now, my friends, just look at the logic I am going to put before you. If we want to keep and have responsible government in this country, we must have government by party. And if we are to have government by party, the members of the party must be loyal to, must loyally support the party nominee. Party government, (that is, responsible government) falls to the ground, if for every little difference we are to run off and support an independent candidate. It has an awfully fine attractive sound, this independent candidate idea; but in the practical working it amounts to a nullity, because all an independent candidate can do is either to support the government, or to support the opposition. But in the case of our county, an independent candidate is even worse than a nullity, because he is sure not to get in, in any event, and if he gets much of a vote, he is, by destroying the support of the Reform nominee, just so much helping to destroy those good principles of government, the most of which he is in favor of, though in some minor ways he may differ from them. But half a loaf is better always than no bread, and you may be sure we wouldn't get from the Conservatives any bread, but rather a stone.

Besides, an independent candidate can do nothing for the county: while the Government candidate, Mr. Aylsworth, who on account of having been so long in public life knows the needs of our county and people better undoubtedly than any other man in it, can get, as any one who will at all consider must know, "benefits from the government that no opposition or independent could get. Also now a days,

## Biliousness

is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's  
Pills

insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## THE WHITE KITTEN.

The dragoons rode here and there, shouting and cursing, and thrusting with their long swords into every bush that seemed dense enough to hide the body of a man. The memory of Prestonpans and Falkirk still rankled in their minds, and though the blood shed at Culloden and amid the grim scenes which followed that tragic death struggle might well have satiated their lust of slaughter, they hunted rather to kill than to capture, and a dead Jacobite was ever a more grateful sight to them than a living one.

Once or twice they had caught sight of their quarry, and the hillside had rung with shouts, the jingling of harness, the thud of hoofs and the cracking of pistols. But the man they hunted was on familiar ground, the estate of his father, a gentleman of Cumberland, and being quick-witted, agile and fleet of foot, he threw them off the scent again and again, and vanished among the rocks and bushes as though the earth had literally swallowed him up.

The troopers began to despair, to find something almost supernatural about the amazing activity and resource of the fugitive, who had for hours continued to evade them. Many of them had dismounted, and explored with dogged persistency every bush and cranny and clump of bracken; but their efforts proved fruitless, and they wandered about the hillside helpless and bewildered, and filled with admiration at the craft and speed, the quick shifts and tricks, of the invisible rebel.

Had anyone seen him, admiration would have been the last feeling suggested by his appearance. Hunted like a wild beast, with death threatening him on every hand, he was reduced to that condition of panic terror into which the bravest may fall when the odds against them are so great as to leave no hope of escape. With ashy face and bloodshot eyes, with bleeding hands, and clothes torn by rocks and brambles, he ran and crawled and crouched, gasping for breath and aching in every limb.

At length by a sudden rush, which by its very audacity passed unnoticed by the troopers, he succeeded in crossing an open space and gaining the shelter of a thick fringe of trees and bushes that bordered the side of a stream. Sheltered by the trees, he rushed swiftly down the hillside in the direction of an ivy-clad ruin, for which he had been making ever since the dragoons first sighted him. It was an old priory, and contained a hiding place which he had discovered as a boy. It consisted of a niche in one of the high stone walls which had once held a statue. The niche was some six or seven feet from the ground, and was completely hidden by a thick growth of ivy. If he could contrive to clamber up, force his body through the ivy, and stand in the niche without being observed, he believed it would be impossible for the dragoons to discover him.

Another quick rush across the open brought him to the ruin, but as he scrambled among the loose heaps of stones he started back with a groan of despair. A little, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl was sitting on a stone at the foot of the wall, just beneath the very spot where the niche was situated. She was laughing gleefully at the antics of a tiny white kitten, that was pursuing a piece of string which she trailed before it on the grass. Now, with quivering limbs and waving tail, it crouched behind a stone or a tuft of grass till little more than the tips of its ears were visible, then sprang swiftly as a flash of light on its prey, only to dart away again with tail erect, frolicking and gambolling back to its shelter.

But a fresh outburst of shouts from behind, as though a pack of hounds had recovered a lost scent, brought him face to face with the grim fact that in a few more seconds his pursuers would be upon him. What was he to do? He could fly no farther. As he reached the ruin, his limbs had sunk beneath him, and, choking for breath, with his heart beating like a bell, he had been forced

# THE - MERCHANTS - BANK OF CANADA

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INTEREST AT CURRENT RATES  
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## EPPS'S COCOA

ENGLISH  
BREAKFAST COCOAPossesses the following  
Distinctive Merits:DELICACY OF FLAVOR.  
SUPERIORITY IN QUALITY.GRATEFUL and COMFORTING  
to the NERVOUS or DYSPEPTIC.

NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED.

In Quarter-Pound Tins Only.

Prepared by JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd.,  
Homeopathic Chemists, London,  
England.

## The Napanee Express

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, FEB. 4th 1898.

THE Toronto World is prepared to  
sacrifice Sir Charles Tupper.HARDY is still on the go. He deliv-  
ered a stirring address at Kingston  
on Monday night.THE young men will be found  
arrayed for Hardy and good govern-  
ment on March 1st.It is satisfactory to know that the  
poor of Kingston will be benefited by  
the Grant-Lucas debate. It is now in  
order to call in Spence and Kribs to  
throw some light on the subject of  
prohibition.THE Ontario elections will take place  
on March 1st. The campaign will be  
short, sharp, and decisive and an  
honest earnest effort is all that is  
necessary to place Aylsworth and  
Wartman at the head of the polls.It is proposed to build the all Cana-  
dian railway to the Klondike without  
a cash subsidy from the Government.  
This is a decided change from the days  
of Conservative rule when the people  
were bled through the nose for every  
railway scheme projected.THE Grant-Lucas debate differed in  
one respect from the little-red-school-  
house variety in that no allusion was  
made to Timothy, who is credited with  
taking a little wine for his stomach's  
sake. In justice to Messrs. Grant and  
Lucas it is necessary to add that the  
time at their disposal was limited.In arriving at its surplus the  
Ontario Government only takes into  
consideration such assets as are cash  
or the equivalent of cash. If it adopt-  
ed the rule of any commercial concern  
and included in its statement the  
Parliament buildings, asylums, etc.,  
and it has a perfect right to do so, the  
surplus would be over twelve millions  
of dollars. The Government has a  
cash surplus of \$5,258,324, and its  
other assets, mostly paid for out of

ennial vigilance is the price of liberty.  
We call upon the Liberal Stalwarts of  
Lennox & Addington to exhaust every  
effort to have every available vote in  
the county polled for Hardy and  
honest Government on March the  
first.

### ALMOST UNBEARABLE.

"I suffered from kidney trouble so much that  
the pain in my back was almost unbearable  
and I felt tired and worn out all the time, my  
tongue was coated and until I took Doan's  
Kidney Pills I had been unable to do my house-  
work for over a month. These pills have made  
a complete cure, all my kidney and bladder  
troubles have disappeared and I feel like a new  
woman." Mrs. Presley, Kingston, Ont.

MILBURN'S STERLING HEAD-  
ACHE POWDERS are easy to take,  
harmless in action and sure to cure any  
headache in from 5 to 20 minutes.

### He Does.

"I may not be much of a literary man,"  
said the editor of The Weekly Compass,  
"and my readers may not be able to ap-  
preciate me, but I keep them guessing  
anyway."—New York Journal.

### Indians and Bears.

The greatest bear country in the south-  
west is the Navajo Indian reservation.  
Here the bears are never hunted and may  
live, multiply and grow old in peace, says  
the San Francisco Call. The Navajo be-  
lieves that Bruin is a sacred animal, and  
they will never kill or consent to have one  
killed except under one circumstance.  
This is when a bear has killed a red man  
and the identity of the culprit is as well  
established as that of the victim. Then,  
headed by their medicine men, half the  
tribe will gather at Bruin's doorway, humbly  
beg his pardon for what is about to  
happen and pray to his shade not to look  
for vengeance. This done, one or two war-  
riors will boldly penetrate the cave and  
kill the bear, which is then accorded a  
decent burial.

## "MADE ME A NEW WOMAN."

The Life of Mrs. McMaster,  
of Toronto, is Saved.A Case that Proved Too Difficult  
for the Physicians Yields to  
the Wondrous Virtues  
of Paine's Celery Compound.A Signal Victory for the  
King of Medicines,Pains Banished, Eyesight Quite Re-  
stored, and a New Life Begun.

WELLS &amp; RICHARDSON CO.,

GENTLEMEN:—Ten years ago I was at-  
tacked with neuralgia, and though treated  
by six doctors, the disease grew worse and  
nearly drove me insane. I was for one  
summer an outdoor patient at the hospital  
here, but only got temporary relief.

I was sleepless for nights, my digestion  
was bad, and I would feel a pain in my  
stomach every time I ate anything. Day  
after day I suffered the most intense agony,  
and I often wonder I didn't go crazy. I  
took endless medicines given me by medical  
men, and getting worse, I became utterly  
disheartened.

One day my deliverance came. A lady  
who had suffered just as I had told me that  
Paine's Celery Compound had cured her.  
I used the Compound as a last resort, and  
it simply made a new woman of me. The  
pain vanished; my eyesight, which was  
impaired returned, and I felt myself grow-  
ing well, and I never felt happier in my  
life. I am now well and strong, and all  
health and happiness are due to Paine's  
Celery Compound. I will always grate-  
fully remember the medicine that cured  
me, and will speak a good word for it.

Mrs. T. Good. McMaster,  
46 Cumberland St., Toronto.

a long experience in public affairs is  
one great element of success, and in  
this matter, no independent candidate  
in Lennox can compete with Mr. Aylis-  
worth.

Again, there is another serious evil  
that we need to be aroused against.  
Over in the States, many public-spirited  
good influential men are banding them-  
selves together with the object to  
arouse vast numbers of good men,  
members of churches, to take interest  
and part in public life, to support good  
men and measures in government; as  
they have hitherto left public affairs  
to drift into the management of un-  
principled unscrupulous corrupt and  
villainous men, who are fast turning  
the country into a pandemonium. It  
is our business to take warning from  
the failure of others, and not wait for  
our own failure and then when it is  
too late, take warning. If, through  
negligence or carelessness or want of  
considerate loyalty to the Government  
party nominee, who is a good and  
thoroughly responsible man in every  
way, and who as every industrious  
business man must feel, must be at  
at great expenditure of time labor  
nerve and money in his canvass and  
candidature; if, I say, we don't hold  
up his hands and encourage him and  
work with him and sink minor differ-  
ences, if such there be, we will be just  
opening the gates for the floods of  
such corrupt men, measures, and  
methods that are now swarming and  
battering in the cities across the line.  
A few foolish men, getting up an inde-  
pendent candidate may be able to annul  
not only their own hopes and princi-  
ples, and those of all the progressive  
Liberals in this county, but for a long  
time to come, discourage any sensitive  
self-respecting man from trying to  
band together and lead to victory the  
Liberal regiment of Lennox. Besides,  
in the other Ontario counties, there is  
a numerous solid band of reliable men,  
who while they know that there are  
very good men who are loyal to the  
Conservative party, still see that that  
party has the unfair spirit of trying to  
further the interests of some classes,  
and sacrificing the rest of the people  
to them, while the Liberals are pro-  
gressive business-like and up-to-date  
and fair to every class; and this band  
of reliable Liberals throughout Ontario  
always have and undoubtedly now will  
return the present administration to  
power in the coming elections. So  
that if we in this county want to be in  
the swim, and not sacrifice our princi-  
ples and ruin our prospects, we must  
strenuously support, not an indepen-  
dent candidate, but the independent  
Reform nominee, B. E. Aylsworth.

Yours truly,

EPISCOPUS.

Jan. 19th, 1898.

### THREE WEEKS IN AGONY.

Inflammatory Rheumatism so Acute  
He Could Not Attend to His Daily  
Duties—Lived Three Weeks in  
Agonizing Pain when that "Good  
Samaritan" of all Cures, South  
American Rheumatic Cure, Passed  
His Way—It helped in a Few  
Hours, and Speedily Cured—Cost 75  
Cents.

Mr. E. A. Norton, a well-known citizen  
of Grimsby, Ont., was severely attacked  
with inflammatory rheumatism some 20  
years ago—after a time he recovered, but  
five or six weeks ago the dread disease  
returned so violently that he had to give  
up work. For nearly three weeks he lay  
in bed suffering terrible agony. Another  
resident of the town who had been cured  
by South American Rheumatic Cure  
persuaded him to try it, and, to his great  
surprise after using the medicine but one  
week he was so far recovered as to go about  
town. From the first dose taken he felt  
marked improvement, and to-day he is  
most enthusiastic in singing its praise.  
No case too severe for South American  
Rheumatic Cure to check in six hours and  
cure permanently.

to crawl forward on his hands and  
knees. The hiding place in the wall  
offered the only chance of safety, and it  
would be impossible to gain it unob-  
served if he wasted a moment.

He knew the child well enough by  
sight. Her name was Jessie Waters,  
and she was the daughter of a poor  
gentleman, whose husband, a naval  
officer, had been killed in an engage-  
ment with the French. Still, he feared  
that in his present ragged and dishevel-  
ed condition she might fail to recognize  
him, and by a scream of terror or a  
panicked flight attract the attention  
of the dragons.

He rose painfully to his feet and staggered  
forward, terrified at the sight  
of this mazed, hatless man, with his  
haggard face and bloodshot eyes, the  
child leaped to her feet with a cry of  
fear, instinctively caught up the at-  
tent, and was darting away when he  
clutched her by the arm.

"Let me go," she exclaimed, strug-  
gling frantically to get free, and sob-  
bing with fright. "Oh, let me go!"

"Jessie," he said, desperately, "for  
Heaven's sake, listen to me, child. Look  
at me! don't you know me? Don't you  
remember me?"

As she looked up at him the terror  
died out of her eyes, and she half  
smiled through her tears.

"I'm Walter Neville," he continued,  
"the squire's son. Yes, I see you re-  
member me now. Well, do you hear  
those men shouting?"

"Yes," she answered, timidly, look-  
ing up at him with the kitten purring  
and blinking in her arms.

"They're looking for me, and if they  
find me they'll kill me. I'm going to  
hide in a hole in the wall up there  
among the ivy. You won't tell them  
you know where I'm hiding, will you,  
Jessie?"

"No, no," she faltered; "but I'm  
frightened, and I—I want to go home."

"It's too late," he exclaimed; "you  
mustn't go home. They're see you run-  
ning away, and catch you, and bring  
you back and make you tell them where  
you're hiding—and then they'll kill me.  
Sit down on the stone and play with  
the kitten, and they'll think you haven't  
seen me, and they won't look here at  
all."

The thud of the horses' hoofs and the  
jingling of spurs and bridles were now  
so close that he turned despairingly  
away from the bewildered child, and  
clutching the thick stems of the ivy, he  
put forth in one last desperate effort the  
remains of his strength, and scram-  
bling upward, forced himself through the  
clustering leaves and branches into  
the niche. Peering out he saw her gaze-  
ing upward, with round, wondering  
eyes. If the troopers found her in that  
attitude it would mean certain discov-  
ery.

It was a strangely peaceful scene.  
The sunshine flooded the old, gray, ivy-  
clad ruin; a rabbit popped its head out  
of a cranny, and watched the child and  
her little playmate suspiciously; star-  
ling, gay with speckled plumage, strut-  
ted superciliously on the grassy plots  
between the walls, or chattered shrilly  
among the ivy.

His mind was filled with pictures of  
the past, in strange contrast with the  
scene before him. He saw Prince  
Charlie marching with fluttering kilts  
and plaid into Manchester, the white  
rose in his bonnet, a flush of triumph  
on his handsome face, as he sought again  
at Falkirk, when these same dragons  
had fled like deer; and again he seemed  
to hear the shrill of the pipes, and see  
the flash of the Highland broadswords  
as the clansmen poured like a torrent  
against the rock-like lines of steel and  
flame in their last wild charge at Cul-  
loden. Since then he had lived the life  
of a hunted beast, flying over endless  
moors, or scrambling among mist-  
shrouded hills, scorched with the sun,  
drenched with rain, ill, exhausted, tor-  
tured with hunger and thirst, and with  
death ever at his heels.

To think that after all these exer-  
tions, all his clever shifts, and happy  
devices, and a score of hairbreadth es-  
capes, he should be run to earth in sight  
of his own home, the home he had been  
serving for, where he might expect  
sympathy and assistance, food and  
money, and the means to escape to  
France, was enough to break the stout-  
est heart. Glancing through the leaves,  
he could see the smoke rising from the  
chimneys of Moor hall, his old home,  
endeared to him by a thousand kindly  
memories, where loving hearts were  
mourning for him as one lost beyond  
hope. He shut his lips tight to stifle a  
groan of despair, for at that moment  
the rabbit disappeared in its burrow,  
the starlings too flight, and the  
troopers came galloping up to the same  
content, where they had at last won  
their quarry to earth.

But instead of playing with the kit-  
ten as Walter had hoped she would do,  
in order that the dragons would ride  
on without troubling to question her,  
the child crouched back among the ivy,  
staring with a white, frightened face  
at the bronze, fierce-looking men who



# HAINES & LOCKETT'S BOOTS ARE CHEAP

that's why they sell so many

## HAINES & LOCKETT'S BOOTS WEAR WELL.

that's why people come back to them when they want more.

### RUBBERS OVERSHOES AND FELT SOCKS

just as cheap and just as good as their boots.

## HAINES & LOCKETT,

Napaneer, Belleville, Kingston and Trenton.

came bursting in among the quiet old ruins, with a clatter of steel-shod hoofs and the loud jingling of spurs and scabbards. Most of them, indeed, seeing no sign of a possible hiding-place, passed by with an indifferent side-glance at the terrified little creature, but the last of all, a big, fleshy man, with a pale, puffy face and small, cruel eyes, asked roughly if she had seen a man go past, and, receiving no answer, swung off his horse, and approached her.

"Did you hear me, you brat?" he exclaimed. "Did you see a man go by?"

The child rose to her feet, and gazed up at him with tear-filled eyes and twitching lips, but made no answer. "Haven't you a tongue in your head, or are you deaf?" he growled, angrily.

Another of the troopers had drawn rein and half turning in his saddle was curiously watching the scene.

"Leave the child alone, Dan," said he. "If she'd seen the fellow sulking about she'd have gone screeching home to her mother."

"Hold your tongue, you dull fool," answered Dan. "Do you think I don't know what I'm about? He may have seen her and threatened to eat her alive if she told us where he was hiding. But she'll soon find that's nothing of what she'll get from me if she doesn't speak out. Come, you cursed little rebel, do you want me to twist your ears off? Have you seen a strange man about here? Speak at once, or—" He raised his hand as if to strike her, and she shrank back in alarm.

"Did you?"

"He took a step forward. Terror-stricken at his grim face and threatening hand, she cowered trembling against the wall.

"Yes," she almost screamed. Walter's blood ran cold. What madness could have possessed him to allow the child to see him enter the hiding-place? Nothing could save him now.

The dragon looked around complacently at his comrade.

"What did I tell you, Dick?" he said. "We shall get at the truth now. I wager the fellow has some hiding-place here for which he has been making ever since we first sighted him. Now, then, you imp of satan, will you tell us where the man went to?"

Jessie's white, despairing face—as, still holding her tiny playmate in her arms, she shrank back from the trooper's upraised hand, might have touched the heart of anyone but the callous ruffian before her. But the brutal nature of the man was now thoroughly aroused by her stubborn silence. He thrust his evil, bloated face, flushed with anger, close to her own.

"Come, find your tongue, will you?" he exclaimed savagely.

She began to sob helplessly. "Oh, I'm frightened," she cried, pitifully. "I want to go home—I want to go home."

"You shall go home when I'm done with you, and not before," he growled, wrenching a thick branch from a willow branch that grew near. He stripped off the leaves, and advanced threateningly towards her.

don, they became very good friends indeed.

If you ever pay a visit to Moor hall, to which the public can readily gain admittance when the family is from home, the housekeeper is almost certain to show you the portrait of a beautiful girl in bridal costume, with a slender gold chain about her white neck, who became mistress of the hall in 1775; and—~~is~~ you do not appear to be a hopelessly unromantic sort of person—to tell you, far more effectively than I have done, the story of the white kitten. —Strand Magazine.

### THE BLACK PRINCE'S ARMY.

The Largest English Fleet Ever Assembled Took the Soldiers to France.

Mr. W. O. Stoddard's serial, "With the Black Prince," gives in St. Nicholas an account of the splendid army that accompanied the prince to the battle of Crecy. Mr. Stoddard says:

It was the largest English fleet ever assembled, and the army going on board was also the best with which any English king had ever put to sea. It consisted of picked men only. Of these, 4,000 were men-at-arms, 6,000 were Irish, 12,000 were Welsh, but the most carefully trained and disciplined part of the force consisted of 10,000 bowmen. During a whole year had Edward and his son and his generals toiled to select and prepare the men and the weapons with which they were to meet the highly famed chivalry of the continent. An army selected from a nation of perhaps 4,000,000 of people was to contend with an army collected from France with her 20,000,000, and from such allies of hers as Germany and Bohemia, re-enforced by large numbers of paid mercenaries. Among these latter were the crossbowmen of Genoa sold to Philip by the masters of that Italian city-garchy.

Edward's adventure had a receding of great rashness, for already it was reported that the French king had mustered 100,000 men. Full many a gallant cavalier in armor of proof may well have wondered to hear, moreover, that Edward III. accounted the foremost general of his time, prepared to meet superior numbers of the best lances of Europe with lightly armored men on foot. They knew not yet of the new era that was dawning upon the science of war. Edward and his bowmen were to teach the world more than one new lesson before that memorable campaign was over. Before this he had shown what deeds might be wrought upon the sea by ships prepared and manned and led by himself. He had demonstrated the naval power of his country.

## T. G. DAVIS & ROBERT FORD

(Late of Roblin & Ford.)

beg to announce the receipt of Fall and Winter Scotch and Canadian Suitings, Worsteds, Vicunes, and all the newest goods up to date at the lowest bottom prices.

Clothing made to order in all the Latest Styles.

Perfect fit, workmanship and good trimmings guaranteed.

Customers have the option of having goods made up on the premises or cut and trimmed if so required.

A call solicited before purchasing.

T. G. DAVIS.

ROBERT FORD.

Household  
Necessities

THE  
E. B. EDDY  
CO.'S

Telegraph  
Telephone  
Tiger....  
Parlor...  
MATCHES

They have never been known  
to fail

## Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Company

GENERAL PASSENGER TIME TABLE,

Eastern Standard Time.

No. 13

Taking effect Dec. 2nd, 1895

Tweed and Tamworth to Deseronto.				Deseronto and Napaneer to Deseronto and Napaneer to Tamworth and Tweed.			
Stations	Miles	No.2 A.M.	No.4 P.M.	Stations	Miles	No.1 No.3 A.M. P.M.	No.5 P.M.
Lve Tweed	0	6:50	3:10	Lve Deseronto	4	6:50	3:10
Steele	7	7:10	3:25	Deseronto Junction	4	7:10	3:25
La Kins	7	7:10	3:25	Napaneer	9	7:25	3:40
Maribank	13	7:25	3:40	Lve Napaneer	9	7:45	3:55
Ernsdale	17	7:40	3:55	Napaneer Mills	15	8:00	4:10
Tamworth	24	7:55	4:10	Newburgh	17	8:15	4:25
Wilson	24	8:10	4:20	Thompson's Mills	18	8:30	4:40
Enterprise	26	8:10	4:20	Camden East	19	8:45	4:50
Mudlake Bridge	28	8:22	4:35	Lve Yarker	23	8:45	5:00
Moscow	31	8:22	4:35	Yarker	23	9:00	5:10
Galbraith	33	8:35	4:55	Galbraith	25	9:15	5:25
Yarker	35	9:00	5:15	Moscow	27	9:15	5:35
Camden East	39	9:13	5:25	Mudlake Bridge	30	9:30	5:42
Thompson's Mills	40	9:18	5:30	Enterprise	31	9:30	5:42
Newburgh	41	9:23	5:35	Wilson	34	9:50	6:00
		2:23	5:15	Tamworth	38	9:50	6:00
				Deseronto	41	10:00	6:10

the leaves, and advanced threaten-  
ingly towards her.  
"Do you see this?" he asked brutally.  
"Well, as sure as you're standing there,  
I'll break it across your back if you  
don't speak out at once."  
But his companion, a braveness follow-  
ing with a square, resolute face and a  
gray eyes, sprang from the saddle and  
stepped before him.  
"None of that," said he, "for you'll  
deal with me, Dan Rothwell, and you  
know yourself whether you're like to  
have the best of it. I've stood by and  
seen you do many a cursed cruel thing—  
more's the shame to me—but lay your  
hand on that child, and I'll lay my hand  
on you, as you'll find to your cost."  
"Stand back, will you?" snarled Dan,  
with a savage scowl, trying to thrust  
him aside and strike at the whimpering  
child, who was clinging desperately to  
his protector.  
"Not I. Keep your distance, I tell  
you. I've a little maid of my own, the  
living image of this one, and I'll wring  
your neck before you shall lay a finger  
on her."  
"This will serve my purpose," said  
Dan, and dropping the switch he made  
a swift grab at the kitten, and catching  
it by the back of the neck twined it  
out of the child's arms and held it  
sprawling in the air.  
Then he drew his sword from the  
scabbard and flourished it over his head.  
"Tell us where the man's hidden,"  
he cried, triumphantly. "Out with it,  
you obstinate little jade, or I'll cut  
the cursed little brute in two."  
"Let it alone," she cried passionately.  
"How dare you take it from me?  
It's mine, and you shan't kill it!"  
Dan laughed sneeringly as he held it  
above her outstretched hands.  
"Will you tell us where the man's  
hidden?" he exclaimed. "Come, will  
you, or won't you?"  
"No, I won't," she cried, stamping  
her foot on the ground and facing him  
with flashing eyes. "I won't, I won't, I  
won't!"  
"Then, suddenly realizing her own  
helplessness, she broke into sobs, and  
clung despairingly to Dick's arm.  
"Oh, make him give it back to me,"  
she cried, piteously. "Don't let him  
kill it. Oh, don't let him kill it!"  
Dick turned angrily on his comrade.  
"Come," he said, sternly, "that's  
enough. Give it back to her, I tell  
you."  
But at that moment, in its frantic  
efforts to escape, the kitten contrived  
to dig sharp claws into his hand,  
and he dropped it, with an oath. The  
sister darted forward to pick it up, but  
he thrust her violently on one side, and  
with a blow of his sword stretched it on  
the grass, twitching and writhing in  
the agonies of death. He was about  
to strike it again, when Dick's fist came  
like a sledge-hammer on the side of his  
head and sent him staggering half a  
dozen yards away.  
"You hulking blackguard!" shouted  
Dick; "you cowardly brute, will you  
never have done with your dirty  
tricks? 'Tis such as you that make us  
stink in the nostrils of the people. Be-  
gone, or as sure as there is a God in  
heaven I'll drive my sword through  
your black heart."  
The other eyed him with a venomous  
look, but no doubt Dick was the better  
swordsmen, for with a string of mut-  
tered curses he slunk away.  
In the meantime Jessie had thrown  
herself on her knees by the side of her  
little companion, a moment ago so full  
of happy life, now a mutilated, blood-  
stained corpse. She lifted it with trembling  
fingers, and placed it tenderly in her lap.  
"Oh," she sobbed, piteously, "it's dead,  
it's dead, and it'll never play with me  
again."  
Dick glanced at her compassionately,  
and once more drew the chain from his  
pocket.  
"Come, little one, don't cry," he said,  
gently. "Look, here's the pretty chain  
for you. Cheer up, and be a brave little  
maid."  
But she only shook her head, and  
bent sobbing over the dead kitten. He  
patted her on the shoulder with rough  
kindness, put the chain on the ground  
beside her, and mounting his horse  
rode away. The rest of the troopers,  
having found no trace of the fugitive,  
were already some distance ahead.  
As soon as he was convinced that  
they were out of sight, Walter scam-  
bled down from the niche to comfort  
the child, who was still sobbing over  
the body of her little playmate. But  
she refused to be comforted, and, re-  
garding him as the cause of the kitten's  
death, repulsed his awkward attempts  
at consolation with angry impatience.  
"Ah, well," said he, "perhaps you'll  
forgive me in time, Jessie. You're a  
brave little maid, and I'll never forget  
that you saved my life this day. You  
and I will be good friends yet."  
To judge from the imperious manner  
in which she ordered him to go away,  
she quite declined to share this hopeful  
view of their future relations; but  
when he returned from France ten

crippled the naval power of his ene-  
mies (that there was now no hostile fleet  
strong enough to prevent his present  
undertaking, although Philip had man-  
aged to send out some scores of cruisers  
to do whatever harm they could.

## Shattered Nerves.

THE MOST PREVALENT TROUBLE  
OF THE CENTURY.

It attacks People of Both Sexes and  
All Ages—A Complete Breakdown  
Follows Unless Prompt Measures  
For Relief Are Taken.

From the Newmark Era.

Probably the most prevalent trouble  
on this continent to-day is nervous  
prostration. How frequently we hear  
this term and yet how few appear to  
realize its full deadly import. Nervous  
prostration is to be found among peo-  
ple of all walks in life, and among  
children as well as adults. Among  
young people it is often the result of  
our high pressure system of education.  
Among those of more mature years it  
may be due to the cares of business, or  
to overwork, or worries in the home.  
But whatever the cause the inevitable  
result is a breaking down both mental-  
ly and physically unless prompt  
measures are taken to stay the ravages  
of the disease and restore the shattered  
nerve forces to their normal condition.  
One such sufferer who has regained  
health gives her experience for the  
benefit of those less fortunate. Miss  
Edith Draper who resides with her  
parents at Belhaven, Ont., is a young  
lady who is very popular among her  
circle of acquaintances, and they all  
rejoice at her restoration to health.  
To a reporter who called upon her she  
gave the following particulars con-  
cerning her illness and cure. "You  
know," said the young lady, "how ill  
I was last winter when my friends  
feared that I was going into a decline.  
In the early part of the winter both  
father and mother were attacked with  
la grippe, and I had to look after them  
as well as attend to the household  
work. The strain was more than I  
could stand, and the result was I fell  
ill. The doctor who was called in  
said my trouble was nervous prostra-  
tion and that it would take consid-  
erable time for me to recover. Under  
his care I was after a short while  
able to leave my room and go about  
the house, but my nerves did not seem  
to regain their strength. My limbs  
would twitch as though I had St.  
Vitus' dance, I was subject to head-  
aches, had a very poor appetite and  
was so weak that I could scarcely go  
about. I had been advised to try Pink  
Pills and one day spoke to the doctor  
about them, and he said he believed  
they would do me good. I got three  
boxes, and by the time I had used  
them I felt they were helping me and I  
got a further supply. By the time I  
had taken six boxes I was feeling  
stronger and better than I had for  
years. All the twitching in my limbs  
had disappeared, and my nerves seemed  
as strong as ever they had been. I  
still took the pills for a little while  
longer to make certain that the cure  
was complete, and since the day I dis-  
continued them I have not felt the  
slightest return of the trouble. I feel  
that my present excellent health is due  
to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am  
glad to be able to recommend them to  
any one whose nerves are in a shattered  
condition.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic  
medicine. By their use the blood is  
renewed, and the nerves made strong  
and vigorous, and in this way disease  
is driven from the system. As a  
spring medicine Dr. Williams' Pink  
Pills are unsurpassed. If feeling  
languid or "out-of-sorts" a box or two  
will restore you to vigorous activity.  
Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for  
Pale People and take nothing else.

Newburgh and Sydenham to Napanee and Deseronto.		Stations.		Miles.		No. 2.		No. 4.		No. 6.	
						A. M.		P. M.		P. M.	
Lve	Newburgh	0									
Lve	Napanee Mills	41		9 25	3 15	5 25					
Lve	Napanee	42		9 33	3 25	5 45					
Lve	Deseronto Junction	49		9 50	3 40	6 00					
Lve	Deseronto	54									
Lve	Deseronto	58									

Deseronto and Napanee to Sydenham and Kingston.		Stations.		Miles.		No. 1.		No. 3.		No. 5.	
						A. M.		P. M.		P. M.	
Lve	Deseronto	0									
Lve	Deseronto Junction	4		7 10							
Lve	Napanee	9		7 25							
Lve	Napanee Mills	9		7 45	12 00	4 20					
Lve	Napier Mills	15		8 00	12 15	4 35					
Lve	Newburg	17		8 10	12 23	4 42					
Lve	Thompson's Mills	18		8 15							
Lve	Camden East	19		8 20	12 30	4 50					
Lve	Yarker	23		8 33	12 45	5 00					
Lve	Yarker	23		8 50							
Lve	Yarker	27		9 00							
Lve	Harrowsmith	30		9 05							
Lve	Harrowsmith	30		9 05							
Lve	Harrowsmith	30		9 05							
Lve	Murvale	35		9 20							
Lve	Glenvale	39		9 30							
Lve	Glenvale	47		9 45							
Lve	Kingston	49		10 00							



"There's a ripping place for a dip just over here, and that notice will prevent people disturbing us."



But it had its little disadvantages.—Punch's Almanac.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

The only kind of love that you can't find is the incurable kind.

Very few men have the strength of mind not to insinuate to a girl that they always carry a pistol.

If the women could have their way, probably all the men's trousers would have white pearl buttons on them.

The average woman never gets an idea that she has a lot of trials till she gets into the habit of talking about them in prayer meeting.

A woman can never forgive her husband for coming home early the night she has decided to sit up and wait for him if it's till morning.

It is one of the saddest ironies of life that a man would a lot rather have a girl give him some new red flannel underclothes than a cut glass ash tray, but he never dares say so.—New York Press.

The White Man's Engine.

This is how a native of Bulawayo describes a railway engine: It's a huge animal belonging to the white man. It has only one eye (the head lamp). It feeds on fire and bates work. When the white man pumps it, to make it work, it screams. It comes from somewhere, but no one knows from whence.—New York Tribune.

SEVERE HEADACHE CURE.

DEAR SIRS—Being troubled with a severe headache, I was advised by a friend to take Liver Pills. I only used half a bottle, and have not since suffered from the complaint. They seem to be a perfect cure.

Mrs. JOHN TOMLINSON.  
Hamilton Ont.

## NEWS OF VICTORY

### James Thompson Cured of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Many Startling Cures to their Credit in Bruce County—No Medicine Made Can Approach Them.

PAISLEY, JAN. 31st.—A marked peculiarity of the people of Bruce County is their firm belief in Dodd's Kidney Pills, as a sure cure for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and all other Kidney troubles.

So many remarkable cures have been made by Dodd's Kidney Pills, in this county that the people's confidence in them is only natural.

One of those who have been rescued by Dodd's Kidney Pills, is James Thompson, of Paisley. He suffered for years with "an extreme case of Diabetes," and was so bad he could hardly move. Almost every medicine on the market was tried, without effect. Then he tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. His recovery began at that time. Now he is fully restored to health.

Mr. Thompson is only one of many thousands who have been cured of Kidney Diseases, by Dodd's Kidney Pills. The simple, undeniable truth is that every person who has used them for any of these diseases has been thoroughly and permanently cured. This can not be said, truthfully, of any other medicine that has ever been used. Dodd's Kidney Pills stand alone, in proud position far above any rivals.

Dodd's Kidney Pills ALWAYS CURE Rheumatism, Lame Back, Lumbago, Gout, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Gravel, Stone in Bladder, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and all impurities of the blood. They are the only medicine on earth that will positively cure Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, or will be sent on receipt of price, by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

## Burdock

Blood Bitters has the most natural action on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood of any medicine known, hence its effects are prompt and lasting. It cures, without fail, all such diseases as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Bad

## Blood

Sick Headache, Boils, Pimples, Tumors, Scrofula, Kidney Complaint, Jaundice, Coated Tongue, Loss of Appetite and General Debility. The fact that it is guaranteed to cure if used according to directions warrants any sufferer in giving a fair trial to Burdock Blood

## Bitters



# Head and Limbs

**All Covered With Eruptions—Could Not Work, the Suffering Was So Great—Hood's Has Cured.**

"I was all run down with complaints peculiar to my sex, and I broke out in sores on my body, head, limbs and hands, and my hair all came out. I was under the doctor's treatment a long time without benefit. They called my trouble eczema. Finally I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after I had used three or four bottles I found I was improving. I kept on until I had taken several more bottles and the sores and itching have disappeared and my hair has grown out." Mrs. J. G. BROWN, Brantford, Ontario.

"I was all run down and had no appetite. I had a tired feeling all the time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and it benefited me so much that I would not be without it." Mrs. G. I. BURNETT, Central Norton, N. B.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

**Hood's Pills** act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla, 20c.

## A COLLEGE GIRL.

Cornelia Burt walked slowly into the reading room and sat down at the long table covered with blue-prints. She sat down and took up a book filled with "sample copies," but she did not turn the leaves. She looked about the room, at the long green tables covered with daily papers, at the divans around the walls, at the great fireplace and the scattered groups of girls. As she looked her eyes filled with tears, and unconsciously she lifted her hand and wiped them away.

A pretty little freshman, who never looked anywhere but in Cornelia Burt's direction when that handsome and prominent junior was visible, stared harder than ever, and whispered to her roommate, "Miss Burt's crying."

"Nonsense!" said the room-mate, adding, abstractedly, "but the line A B is equal to the line C D, and therefore—therefore—why, what if she is? I suppose she can cry if she likes?"

"Yes," said the freshman, meekly, "of course. But she must feel pretty bad to cry here in the reading-room. And I never thought Cornelia Burt cried, anyhow. I wish I could—I wish I knew her better."

"You are absurd," said the room-mate, "and you know it. Anybody would think you never looked at anyone but Cornelia Burt. I don't believe she's crying, either. What should she have to cry for? She's too conceited to cry."

But the look in the freshman's eyes showed her. "She is conceited, you know," perfectly well that she is," she repeated feebly from behind her geometrical book.

"She is not in the least conceited," returned the freshman, coldly. "She is the most brilliant girl in her class and everyone knows it. She has a right to look proud of it, and if she looks bored most of the time, which is what makes the girls angry, it is because she can't help it; if we were more interesting she wouldn't look so bored."

The room-mate dropped her book in her lap and stared for a moment in amazement. Then, as the going struck the bell, she shook out her skirts and picked up her books. "I would advise you, my dear," she said, sweetly, "not to show so much disgust when Teddy Carroll tells us that it's the greatest delight of his life to buy violets for Lena St. John—you're getting angry—fast! But you have an angry sympathy—for I doubt if you could interest her majesty, you know!"

But it was true, Cornelia Burt was angry, and no one could be more surprised at that fact than she. Through a mass of tears she looked at the familiar face in the blue-print book—the faculty, cynically labeled: "Miss Brown, with shawl," "Miss Williams, on steps," the students, in every conceivable position and combination: "J. Reading, smile!" "Lena, hanger," "Corra Williams, Lou Harris and J. Peterson, in hammock," "The President, with dog." She had laughed at them all—now she was going to leave them. She had never bought blue-prints; she had no memorabilia. Now she would like some, but it was too late. If she had money to pay her bills she was fortunate, Cornelia thought bitterly.

Some one was practicing on the big organ in the chapel overhead. The organ, wheezing piston on the reading

the observatory a few energetic seniors were trying to organize a universal "sing."

Cornelia felt a sudden longing to be with them all, to be close to her classmates, and at the same time she dreaded having to talk to them. She slipped behind the trees to a vacant hammock, and sat slowly swinging to and fro. All about her floated fragments of conversation, and idly she tried to guess the speakers from their voices.

"So I said that I'd have him up for the prom., but it seems that Kitty has asked him already—horrid, wasn't it? I hate to ask a man."

"I'd just read eight pages of Freytag, and I was as cross as a bear. I said: 'I'm not prepared,' and I don't care what he thought."

"Mary looked perfectly stunning! She carries herself so well, too. But I don't see how she does so much. She says she never goes to bed till eleven."

"Oh, as for Katherine, she's too far gone for any use; she can't speak of anybody but Cornelia Burt. And I don't believe that Miss Burt knows who she is, do you?"

"Well, good night. I must do a little philosophy, or I shall be expelled. Think how embarrassing that would be!"

"Good night!" and a girl in pale-blue dimity that rustled crisply as she walked, left the departing philosopher and strolled over to Cornelia's hammock, stopping when she saw its occupant.

"Oh, don't go away," entreated Miss Burt. "Please come back! I was just going. Is this your hammock?" Then she saw that the girl was Clara Williston.

"I'll come," said Miss Williston, "only on condition that you don't go. Otherwise, I go immediately. She waited a moment, and then sat beside Cornelia. "I hope I shan't bore you to death," she said.

Cornelia did not answer, but pulled her skirt aside as Miss Williston sat down. It occurred to her that very probably Clara Williston would spend more money for her commencement gown than she would need to finish her senior year!

"I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your story in the magazine," said Miss Williston. "I don't see how you can think of such queer, exciting things. Really, I got quite worked up over it! I hope now you're editor, you won't stop writing."

Cornelia never quite knew why it was that she did not make some conventional reply, and then go. She barely knew Miss Williston, and she was a girl who said very little of her own affairs to anyone, even the people she knew best. But to her own surprise, she looked over the campus, and said, easily: "I'm afraid I shall do very little writing, editorial or otherwise. I shall probably not be here next year."

"Not be here! Why, Miss Burt, what do you mean? Surely you're not going to leave the senior year? Truly, it's the very best of all! And what would the class do without you?"

Cornelia smiled. "I fear you over-estimate my importance," she said. "I have always pitied the poor alumnæ, who had practically carried the college with them when they were here, and who are really forgotten by the next class but one. One doesn't count for much unless one's on deck all the time! And I don't doubt that the senior year is very pleasant, Miss Williston, but—"

"But, Miss Burt, it's dreadful! Why, the class—do they know it?"

"No," said Cornelia; "I haven't told anybody yet. I'm sure I don't know why I should tell you. Don't think of it. I'm here now, at all events. So you like the senior year the best? Kate Dickinson always said—"

"I don't care what she said," said Miss Williston with a decision that annoyed the junior. "I want to talk about you. Now don't look haughty, Miss Burt, please. I simply must. You mustn't think me rude, will you? Because I don't mean to be. But—is it money?"

"Yes," said Cornelia, "it's money." And then with a bitter little laugh she folded her hands on her lap and looked at Miss Williston. "I suppose you can't understand how \$500 can be an impossibility, can you?"

She turned her head away, and talked low, as if to herself. Miss Williston listened with hushed breath, fearing to lose a word.

"You see," said she, quickly, "it's all up with the family. They've kept it from me because I hate money matters. I don't understand them. And they thought they could get me through. But they can't. So I'm just going home. I can't teach—I loathe it. Besides, I haven't studied anything with a view to teaching. Oh, why, and she turned and stared at the senior as if just conscious of what she was saying, "why do I tell this to you? I must be crazy."

"Because," said Clara Williston, quietly, "because I am just the one to tell

1898.

# CHEAPS

We thank our many customers in Naperville for the past year 1897. We have done the best we could and appreciated. We commence the new year with the same and best value possible, and we will be pleased to consider it any trouble to show goods at any time

ONE PRICE ONLY.

# W. I.

P.S.—The balance of Winter stock out before receiving New Goods and

# PILATE'S LAST

It Contains the Pilate Had Written

Pilate's Intention to Save the Saviour's Life  
Manuscript in the Vatican Library  
Brought to Light by Rev. Dr. W. D. Matheson  
It the Document Mentioned by Tertullian

Tertullian, the great Christian historian, who lived two hundred years after Christ, says in Book V. of his Apologia:

"Peter persuaded Tiberius to place the report of Pilate in the Royal Archives, where it was preserved."

Biblical scholars have for centuries searched for this report. The Rev. Dr. W. D. Matheson, an English clergyman and paleographer, has brought to light an ancient Latin manuscript in the library of the Vatican at Rome, which purports to be the missing document.

If the Rev. Dr. Matheson proves to be right it is the most marvellously interesting discovery in many centuries. It reveals the astonishing fact that the Saviour would not have been crucified if Pontius Pilate had had enough soldiers to subdue the Jewish mob—if, in fact, the reinforcements of the Roman commander that arrived the very next day had come one day sooner, Pilate would have rescued the Saviour and prevented the crucifixion.

Pilate, in his report of the disturbances in the provinces of Judea, tells his emperor, Tiberius Caesar, of a private personal interview he had with Christ, which gives a new and entrancing vision of the Saviour in the presence of the Roman Governor. The report of Pilate is given in full below, and is, indeed, of authentic, "the most marvellous and extraordinary discovery of years."

Pontius Pilate's Report.

To Tiberius Caesar, Emperor:

"Noble sovereign, greeting! The events of the last few days in my province have been of such a character that I thought well to report the details as they have occurred, as I should not be surprised if in course of time they may change the destiny of our nation; for it seems of late that the gods have ceased to be propitious. I am almost ready to be convinced by the day that I succeeded

—yes, the place she loved! Across the campus came a row of seniors, arms twined about each other, eight abreast:

Where, oh, where are the grave old seniors?  
Where, oh, where are the grave old seniors?  
Where, oh, where are the grave old seniors?  
Safe, now, in the wide, wide world!

There was a sad little ring to the old tune, and Cornelia wondered if they were sorry.

"That doesn't mean me," she said happily to the hammock pillows; "that doesn't mean me!"—Youth's Companion.

## FATHER AND CHILD.

I left her in the dark to find  
Her own way home; she had no fear.  
I followed noiselessly behind;  
She never dreamed that I was near.  
I let her have her childish will;  
But had she cried, why, in a wink—  
That would have seemed a miracle,  
So in our little life, I think.

—VIDA BRISS, in Good Words.

## THE MOON AND I.

A golden moon that leans her gentle face  
On the blue darkness of the summer sky—  
We watched her steal aloft a little space,  
My love and I.

Parting the opal clouds, upward she rose  
To wander lonely mid the stars on high.  
We thought our world as bright as one of those,  
My love and I.

Dear love, the moonlight smote your rippling hair  
And made you smile you knew not how nor why.  
My heart beat strangely as we lingered there,  
My love and I.

I asked her, fooled by the bewildering light,  
If she would try to love me by and by.  
She rose and left me. I stood in the night,  
The moon and I.

—A. Matheson in Good Words.

## THE SPORTS OF LONG AGO.

They Were Substantially the Same as Those of the Present Day.

The boys and girls of the present day who become enthusiastic over some new sport and boast that their particular "club" has the very "newest thing out" would be surprised if they could discover how closely many of the old time pastimes resemble our own.

The Eskimos of the frozen north, the Tupinambas of the Brazilian pampas,

...will have heaved up and down to the floor again, that repeated its doleful wailing again and again. It was warm, wailing with the delicious, drowsy heat of the young spring term—the beautiful spring term with the long, hazy evenings on the hundred hammocks. And this would be her last spring term.

Somehow it was harder to go than she could have dreamed, last year. She went out in good order as a senior, with four years behind her, to get once more the adulation and pride in her that her class always felt when she had distinguished herself, and then to leave the whole thing finished, completed, and start out prepared for the larger life—that would not be so hard. All would feel alike, then. But to go as a junior, with all the things undone that she had meant to do, to leave to another editor the college paper which she had meant to manage so well, to lose the senior dramatics she had planned to enjoy so much—oh, it was hard! And all for the lack of a few pitiful hundred dollars!

She got up abruptly and left the room. As she passed through the hall, not looking at the large crowded bulletin-boards that lined the walls, someone called her name. "Excuse me, Miss Burt, but there's a note on the board for you."

Cornelia looked up in some surprise on Clara Williston, a rich, rather dull girl, whom she hardly knew. "Thank you," she said, with a somewhat cool nod. Miss Williston thought, "I'll get it."

She opened the half-sheet of note-paper and glanced at it, her eyes were so blurred with tears:

Dear Nene: Of course you remember our dance is to-morrow night. I've got you as good an order as I possibly could, and may I have the second extra? As ever, SUE.

How she had laughed at the dances and said they bored her, once! But they seemed the very essence of pleasure and love and music and light now.

She walked to a room and changed her school skirt and shirt-waist for a pretty light gown open at the neck. She put on her rings, all of them, and went to supper. Although off the campus, the house where she lived was a popular one.

Never had she talked so brilliantly. Story after story she told the 20 girls at the table, till the room rang with laughter. She scowled and coughed and mimicked the dark professor, she snickered and smiled and affected the graces of the light one. More than one of her flashes of wit, her delicious paradoxes, her apt comparisons went the rounds of the classroom for weeks afterward.

When she left the table they crowded around her and followed her to the gate, wrapping her in that delicious atmosphere of admiring interest and affection, appreciation that only a crowd of college girls can give their idol of the hour.

"Where are you going, Miss Burt? Have you got to go? Won't you come down and have an ice with us?"

Cornelia smiled; the excitement of the supper table flushed her cheeks. "Thank you, but I have an engagement with Miss Leeds," she said.

"Oh, how interesting it must be to know the faculty!" gushed the sophomore with the pretty clothes. "But then, I suppose they're glad enough in your case! I should be so scared, I shouldn't dare to speak to them!"

Cornelia smiled back at them. "You silly things!" she said; "they're very like other people; sometimes they're more so!" And she left them, laughing, at the gate.

She could not study, and even the classic engagement with Miss Leeds seemed impossible to her. She strolled through the gate and went slowly to the campus. Already it was covered with light dresses, and the soft tinkle of their skirts came from among the trees, one of the Glee-Club-girls were sing-

ing to the faint strains of a song. "To the victors belong the spoils," that for the lack of \$500 you are going to lose your last year?—for that, and nothing else?"

"Yes," said Cornelia, dominated utterly by this rich nobody; "yes, just that."

"Then," said Miss Williston, "then I say that it is absurd, and that you shouldn't do it. I can do very little at college, but I can—"

"My dear Miss Williston," said Cornelia, icily, "I do not in the least understand you. I hardly know you, and—"

"Oh, but you do understand me; you must—you shall!" cried Miss Williston, and Cornelia saw she was flushed, and that her eyes shone like stars. "Listen to me! I have—O Miss Burt, when I think of how little it would mean to me to have how much to you! I can't do it! Just think, only \$500! I have \$2000 a year, I am ashamed of it, truly I am, but I have it for what I please—just exactly what I please. No, you shan't get up yet. Set, see how it is with me! All my four years here, What have I done? Nothing. I've got through well enough, but that's all. I've made some friends, but not many. The only two girls I ever loved here were very poor, and they were awfully proud, and they were afraid that because I was the richest girl in college—oh, it was dreadful! And I shall go and leave nothing behind me—nothing! If I could feel that I had given you to your class—to the college—for a year, I should be so happy! I should even think that I was of some use! Oh, let me! Let me feel that I've really done something!"

Cornelia looked at her curiously. She was almost in tears. Her hands held Cornelia's tightly, and she was evidently deeply in earnest.

"It would mean so little to me—so little!" she begged. "And yet it would be so much for the class! And they would never know—never would know; but I should know, and I should know that I've done something for them, and that I wasn't just one of those poor, useless girls that drift into the college and then drift out again, and don't count—either way!"

Cornelia felt deeply touched. "Why, how you care!" she said, wonderingly; "how you care!"

Miss Williston drew a long, tremendous breath. "Care!" she cried; "you don't know how we care, we poor mediocre ones! Do you think that because we couldn't write a poem to save our lives, and can't make original remarks in class, and are never proposed for office, and don't, for the best of reasons, edit the paper, that we don't want to do these things? Oh, if I could only have my father hear the things said about me which are said of you every day! If I could only feel that I was to the class what you are!"

"The class don't like me," said Cornelia, abruptly.

"They admire you, and if you wanted to you could be liked very, very much, indeed," said Miss Williston. "I always thought that you didn't care to have us like you!"

There was a pause. The girls were drifting back to the houses, one by one. The stars were well out, and Miss Williston's face seemed white, now, in their light.

"Do you really care for the things they say about one here?" asked Cornelia.

"Care?" said Miss Williston again; "of course care. So do you. But you don't need them. You're sure of them. You know what you can do. And through you I can do the only thing I ever could do—and I go in June. O, Miss Burt, only \$500! I could put it in the bank to your account and that would be the end of it. And you could pay me back whenever you pleased, if you wanted to. For I suppose you wouldn't let me—"

"No," said Cornelia, "I wouldn't. An hour ago I should have said that the whole thing was impossible."

"But now," said Miss Williston, quickly; "but now?"

"But now?" said Cornelia, slowly; "now—oh, never say again that you are one of the 'mediocre ones!' No one could make so disagreeable and proud a girl as I accept a kindness from a stranger as gratefully as I do from you."

But she did not finish, for Miss Williston leaned towards her and kissed her. "I thank you," she said, simply; "now I can hold up my head again. I have done something for my college! I am something more than 'Clara Williston, the well-dressed girl!'" And before Cornelia could reply, she had slipped away.

Cornelia lay back in the hammock and looked at the stars. A strange peace came to her, and she realized for the first time how happy she had been. Slowly the great bell struck eight. The light came up in the great shadowy buildings. Only the seniors and a few lazy underclass girls filled the hammocks around her. "I live here! This is where I belong!" she thought, happily, and smiled to herself.

A year more to work and plan and get

Tupinambas of the Brazilian pampas, the gamins of the Paris streets, the boys and girls of London, of Boston and of Philadelphia, have one kindred tie—the love of sport. There is nothing new under the sun, said the wise man, and especially is there nothing new in youthful games.

Archaeologists have found dolls in Egyptian pyramids and on prehistoric tombs; the name of a popular ball club was found scrawled upon the outer walls of Pompeian houses, and one of the most exciting matches on record was the one stubbornly fought between the rival lines of Montezuma, king of Mexico, and Nezahualpilli, 'tzin of Tezcuco.

The boys of ancient Greece and Rome played at whip top, and quoits, and baseball, and pitch penny, and blind-man's buff, and hide and seek, and jackstones, and follow my leader, just as do the boys of today. The girls were experts at seesaw, and ring, and dancing, and grace hoops, and dice throwing, and ball play, and, in sport, even at running, wrestling and leaping. Tobogganing is as old as ice and snow, and when you play at cherry pits you are only doing what Nero and Commodus and young Themistocles did ages ago in Rome and in Athens.

So, whatever the age or whatever the climate, boys and girls of the world have always lived more for play than for anything else, and however harsh or hard their surroundings, however stern or strict their fathers and their mothers, they always found and always made the most of the time for play.

Said a critic recently on the subject of recreation, "The sports of the day are fast reducing themselves into so many sciences, overweighted with rules and restrictions that often take the real play element from them and make them as unyielding as a problem in algebra."

There is no fun in making our sport a matter of life and death. I know growing people who in these days of prize giving in all manner of games center their whole desires not on the fun of the game, but on the prizes offered. They really seem as much disappointed if they do not carry off a trophy as if they had met with some serious loss. Let us take our fun with a jollity or not at all. Interest is one thing and irritability is quite another.

We have only to watch the intense excitement of some of the amateur players in popular games to realize that the critic was right about that algebra problem. The complaint of "unfairness" on one side and of disagreeable triumph on another seem to be the most noticeable features at the close of the sports of today, and we cannot help wondering if this was a feature of the games of olden times or if in this respect the young people of the present really have "something new."—Philadelphia Times.

to be proportion. I am almost ready to say, "Cursed be the day that I succeeded Valerius Gracius in the government of Judea."

"On my arrival at Jerusalem I took possession of the judgment Hall, and ordered a splendid feast to be prepared, to which I invited the Tetrarch of Galilee, with the High Priest and his officers. At the appointed hour no guests appeared. This was an insult to my dignity. A few days after the High Priest deigned to pay me a visit. His deportment was grave and deceitful. He pretended that his religion forbade him and his attendants to sit down at the table of Romans and to offer up libations with them. I thought it expedient to accept of his excuse, but from that moment I was convinced that the conquered had declared themselves the enemies of the conquerors. It seems to me that of all conquered cities Jerusalem is the most difficult to govern."

"No turbulent were the people that I lived in; momentary dread of an insurrection. To repress it I had but a single centurion and a handful of soldiers. I requested a reinforcement from the Governor of Syria, who informed me that he had scarcely troops sufficient to defend his own province. An insatiable thirst for conquest—to extend our empire beyond the means of defending it—I fear will be the means of overthrowing our noble government."

"Among the various rumors that came to my ears there was one that attracted my attention in particular. A young man, it was said, had appeared in Galilee, preaching with a nobleunction a new law, in the name of the gods that had sent him. At first I was apprehensive, that his design was to stir up the people against the Romans, but soon were my fears dispelled. Jesus of Nazareth spoke rather as a friend of the Romans than of the Jews. One day, in passing by the Palace of Siloe, where there was a great concourse of people, I observed in the midst of the group a young man, who was leaning against a tree calmly addressing a multitude. I was told that this was Jesus. This I could easily have expected, so great was the difference between him and those who were listening to him. His golden colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. He appeared to be about thirty years of age. Never have I seen a sweeter or more serene countenance. What a contrast between him and his hearers, with their black beards and tawny complexions!"

"Unwilling to interrupt him by my presence, I continued my walk, but signified to my secretary to join the group and listen. My secretary's name is Manlius. He is the grandson of the chief of the conspirators who equipped in Etruria, awaiting Cataline. Manlius was a native inhabitant of Judea, and well acquainted with the Hebrew language. He is devoted to me and worthy of my confidence. On entering the judgment Hall I found Manlius, who related to me the words of Jesus had pronounced at Siloe. Never have I heard in the Portico, nor in the works of the philosophers, anything that can compare to the maxims of Jesus. One of the rebellious Jews—so numerous in Jerusalem—having asked him if it was lawful to give tribute to Caesar, Jesus replied: 'Render unto Caesar the things which belong to Caesar, and unto God the things that are God's.' It was on account of the wisdom of his sayings that I granted so much liberty to the Nazarene, for it was in my power to have had him arrested and exiled to Pontus; but this would have been contrary to

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AST REPORT.

Private Interview  
With Christ.

our's Life—Contents of the Ancient Latin  
Library at Rome Which Has Just Been  
W. D. Mahan, an English Clergyman—Is  
y Tertullian?

the justice which has always charac-  
terized the Romans. This man was  
neither seditious nor rebellious, and I  
extended to him my protection, unknown  
perhaps to himself.

He was at liberty to act, to speak,  
to assemble and address the people, to  
choose disciples, unrestrained by any  
Pretorian mandate. Should it ever hap-  
pen—may the gods ever avert the omen—  
should it ever happen, I say, that the  
religion of our forefathers be supplanted  
by the religion of Jesus, it will be to  
this noble toleration that Rome shall  
owe her premature obsequies, while I,  
miserable wretch, shall have been the

instrument of what Christians call Pro-  
vidence, and we, destiny. But this un-  
limited freedom granted Jesus provoked  
the Jews; not the poor, but the rich  
and powerful. It is true that Jesus was  
severe on the latter, and this was a  
political reason, in my opinion, not to  
contest the liberty of the Nazarene.  
"Scribes and Pharisees," he would say  
to them, "you are a race of vipers; you  
resemble painted sepulchres." At other  
times he would cheer at the proud aims  
of the publican, telling him that the  
mite of the widow was more precious  
in the sight of God.

"New complaints were daily made at  
the Judgment Hall against the insolence  
of the Jews. I was even informed that  
some misfortune would befall him—that  
it would not be the first time that Jeru-  
salem had stoned those who called them-  
selves prophets—and if the Pretorium  
refused justice, an appeal would be  
made to Caesar. However, my conduct  
was approved by the senate, and I was  
promised a reinforcement after the ter-  
mination of the Parthian war. Being too  
weak to suppress a sedition, I promised  
to establish the tranquillity of the city  
without subjecting the Pretorium to the  
humiliating concessions.

"I wrote to Jesus requesting an in-  
terview with him at the Judgment Hall

in your discourses. Do not infringe. My  
orders you know. May happiness at-  
tend you. Farewell."

"Prince of the earth," replied Jesus.  
"I came not to bring war into the world,  
but peace, love and charity. I was born  
the same day on which Augustus Caesar  
gave peace to the Roman world. Persecu-  
tion proceeds not from me. I expect it  
from others, and will meet it in obedi-  
ence to the will of my Father. Who  
has shown me the way. Restrain,  
therefore, your worldly prudence. It is  
not in your power to arrest the victim at  
the foot of the altar of expiation."

"So saying, he disappeared like a  
bright shadow behind the curtains of  
the palace.

"To Herod, who then reigned in  
Galilee, the enemies of Jesus addressed  
themselves to wreak their vengeance on  
the Nazarene. Had Herod consulted  
his own inclination, he would have ordered  
Jesus immediately put to death; but  
though proud of his royal dignity, yet  
he was afraid of committing an act that  
might diminish his influence with the  
senate. Herod called on me one day at  
the Pretorium, and, on rising to take  
leave, after some insignificant conversa-  
tion, he asked my opinion concerning  
the Nazarene. I replied that Jesus ap-  
peared to be one of those great philo-  
sophers that great nations sometimes  
produce, that his doctrines were by no  
means sacrilegious and that the inter-  
ior of Rome was to leave him to that  
freedom of speech which was justified  
by his actions. Herod smiled and saluted  
me with ironical respect he departed.

"The great Feast of the Jews was ap-  
proaching, and the intention of their re-  
ligious rulers was to avail themselves  
of the popular exultation which always  
manifests itself at the solemnities of a  
Passover. The city was overflowing  
with a tumultuous populace, clamoring  
for the death of the Nazarene. My em-  
issaries informed me that the treasure  
of the temple had been employed in  
bribing the people. The danger was  
pressing. A Roman centurion had been  
insulted. I wrote to the Prefect of  
Syria for a hundred foot soldiers and  
as many cavalry. He declined. I saw  
myself alone, with a handful of veterans,  
in the midst of a rebellious city, too  
weak to suppress a disorder, and having  
no other choice left but to tolerate it.  
The seditious rabble had seized Jesus,  
and although they felt that they had  
nothing to fear from the Pretorium, be-  
lieving with their leaders that I winked  
at their sedition, continued vociferating,  
"Crucify him! Crucify him!"

"Three powerful parties had com-  
bined together at that time against  
Jesus. First, the Herodians, and the  
Saducees, whose seditious conduct  
seems to have preceded from double  
motives; they hated the Nazarene, and  
were impatient of the Roman yoke.

"I had taken a wife—a maiden from  
among the Gauls—who pretended to see  
into futurity. She, weeping, and throw-  
ing herself at my feet, said to me:  
"Beware, and touch not that man,  
for he is holy. Last night I saw him  
in a vision. He was walking on the  
waters. He was flying on the wings of  
the wind. He spoke to the tempest  
and to the fishes of the lake—all were  
obedient to him. Behold! the torrent  
of Mount Kedron flows with blood! The  
statues of Caesar are filled with the  
filth of Gomorrah! The columns of the  
Lentium have given away, and the sun  
is veiled in mourning, like a vestal  
of the tomb! O Pilate! evil awaits thee, if  
thou wilt not listen to the entreaties of  
thy wife. Dread the curse of a Roman  
senate; dread the powers of Caesar."

"By this time the marble stairs groaned  
under the weight of the multitude. The  
Nazarene was brought back to me. I  
proceeded to the Hall of Justice, fol-  
lowed by my guard, and asked the peo-  
ple in a severe tone what they demand-  
ed. The death of the Nazarene, was  
the reply. For what crime? He has  
blasphemed. He has prophesied the  
ruin of the temple. He called himself  
the Son of God, the Messiah, the King  
of the Jews." "Roman justice," said I,  
"punishes not such offences with death."

"Crucify him, crucify him!" belched  
forth the relentless rabble. The vocifer-  
ation of the infuriated mob shook the  
palace to its foundations. There was  
but one that appeared to be calm in the  
midst of the vast multitude. It was the  
Nazarene.

"After many fruitless attempts to pro-  
tect him from this fury of his mer-  
ciless persecutors, I adopted a measure  
which, at the moment, appeared to me  
to be the only one that could save him  
life. I ordered him to be scourged;  
then, calling for an ewer, I washed my  
hands in the presence of the multitude,  
thereby signifying to them my disap-  
proval of the deed. But in vain. It was  
his life that those wretches thirsted  
for!

"Often in our civil commotions have  
I witnessed the furious animosity of the  
multitude, but nothing could be com-  
pared to what I witnessed in the present  
instance. It might have been truly said  
that on this occasion all the phantoms  
of the infernal regions had assembled at  
Jerusalem. The crowd appeared not to  
walk; they were borne along, whirling  
and rolling like living waves, from the  
portals of the Pretorium, even unto  
Mount Zion, with howlings, screams,  
shrieks and vociferations such as were  
never heard in the seditions of the  
Pannonia or in the tumult of the Forum.

"By degrees the day darkened like a  
winter's twilight, such as was witnessed  
at the death of the great Julius Caesar,  
which was likewise towards the Isles of  
March.

"I, the continued Governor of a re-  
bellious province, was leaning against a  
column of my palace contemplating  
through the dreary gloom those fiends  
of torture dragging to execution the in-  
nocent Nazarene. A shout was heard  
in the distance. Jerusalem had vomited forth  
her indwellers through the funeral gate  
that leads to the Germanica. An air of  
desolation and sadness enveloped me.  
My guards had joined the cavalry, and  
the centurion, to display a shadow of  
power, was endeavoring to keep order.

"I was left alone, and my breaking  
heart admonished me that what was  
passing at that moment appertained  
rather to the history of the gods than  
to that of a man. A loud clamor was  
heard proceeding from Golgotha; which,  
borne on the winds, seemed to announce  
an agony such as I had never heard  
before. Dark clouds lowered  
over the pinnacle of the temple; and,  
settling over the city, covered it as with  
a veil. So dreadful were the signs that  
were seen, both in the heavens and on  
the earth, that Dionysius, the Areopagite,  
is reported to have exclaimed,  
"Either the Author of Nature is suffering  
or the universe is falling apart."

"Towards the first hour of the night,  
as I was climbing the stairs of the Pre-  
torium—the steps of which were still  
stained with the blood of the Nazarene—I  
perceived an old man in suppliant pos-  
ture, and behind him several women in  
tears. He threw himself at my feet and  
wept bitterly. It is painful to see an  
old man weep.

"Father," said I to him mildly, "who  
are you, and what is your request?"  
"I am Joseph of Arimathea," replied he,  
and am come to beg of you, my son

"There is so much trouble  
coming into the world,"  
said Lord Bolingbroke,  
"and so much more in  
going out of it,  
that it is hardly  
worth while to  
be here at all."  
If a man and a  
philosopher  
comes to this  
conclusion,  
what must be the  
natural conclusion  
of the thousands  
of suffering  
women who undergo  
untold torture in bring-  
ing their babes into the world?

Philosophy of this kind is based upon  
gross ignorance. The fact is, that there is  
no necessity for the severe pangs under-  
gone by the average woman. If a woman  
is strong and healthy in a womanly way,  
motherhood means to her but little suffer-  
ing. The trouble lies in the fact that the  
majority of women suffer from weakness  
and disease of the distinctly feminine or-  
ganism and are unfitted for motherhood.  
This can always be remedied. Dr. Pierce's  
Favorite Prescription is a sure, speedy and  
permanent cure for all disorders of this  
description. It acts directly on the delicate  
and important organs concerned, making  
them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and  
elastic. It banishes the indispositions of  
the period of expectancy and makes baby's  
advent easy and almost painless. It quick-  
ens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and  
insures a healthy and robust baby. Thou-  
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#### HABITS OF WILD TURKEYS.

Practical Hints to Hunters About the  
"Wit of the Woods."

Indians call the wild turkey the "wit of  
the woods." It is the most difficult of  
game to approach. The most scientific  
method of killing it is by calling—imitat-  
ing its cry. This is most efficacious in the  
spring, when the gobblers call to the hens  
incessantly in the early morning and at  
intervals all through the day. The sound  
may be either a love note or a challenge to  
a male. In either case, if well done by  
the hunter, it will prove effective in bring-  
ing the bird near its hidden foe.

The best turkey call is made of the wing  
bone. Sometimes it consists only of a bit  
of slate and a smoothed twig. The twig  
when drawn across the slate gives a won-  
derful imitation of the bird's "cheep."  
To call successfully requires long practice.  
Some men become so expert that they need  
only a broad leaf held between the thumbs  
and applied to the lips. The "challenge  
call" is made in this way.

The gobblers tries hard to prevent the  
hen nesting. He wants all of her time and  
attention. He must have an audience for  
his strutting. After many attempts to  
escape and more than one beating she will  
suddenly go violently lame, with a broken  
wing and a queer leg. This is a favorite  
trick of gallinaceous fennales. The quail  
does it often to lure marauders from her  
young. The gobbler has no use at all for  
a lame wife. After prancing around her  
for a little while and savagely striking her  
with his wing he hies himself away into  
deepest woods, heart whole and happy.

His patient spouse then makes her nest  
in peace. Her foes are active, and she  
needs all of her wonderful power of secre-  
tiveness. Crows and snakes are fond of  
her eggs. The crow, if he discovers the  
nest, will wait until the mother vacates it  
in search of water and food and then carry  
away the eggs one at a time. While nest-  
ing the hens many times fall victims to  
foxes, wild cats, leopard cats, lynxes or  
coyotes.

The brood when hatched must be guard-  
ed first of all from the parent gobbler. If  
he finds it, he will decapitate the chicks  
one after another with his strong beak.  
This is jealousy. Caught in an open space  
by a hovering hawk the chicks, at the  
sound of a peculiar cluck, will stretch  
themselves upon the ground as if dead,  
while the mother flees to the undergrowth.  
The hawk will not eat flesh that he thinks

"I wrote to Jesus requesting an interview with him at the Judgment Hall, and he came. You know that in my veins flows the Spanish mixed with the Roman blood, as incapable of fear as it is of puerile emotions.

"When the Nazarene made his appearance I was walking in my court, and my feet seemed fastened with an iron hand to the marble pavement, and I trembled in every limb as a guilty culprit, though he was calm—the Nazarene—calm as innocence. When he came up to me he stopped, and, by a signal, seemed to say to me, 'I am here.' For some time I contemplated this extraordinary type of man—a type of man unknown to our numerous painters, who have given form and figure to all the gods and heroes.

"Jesus," said I to him at last, and my tongue faltered, 'Jesus of Nazareth. I have granted you for the last three years ample freedom of speech; nor do I regret it. Your words are those of a sage. I know not whether you have read Socrates or Plato; but this I know—that there is in your discourses a majestic simplicity that elevates you far above those philosophers. The Emperor is informed of it, and I, his humble representative in this community, am glad of having allowed you that liberty of which you are so worthy.'

"However, I must not conceal from you the fact that your discourses have raised up against you powerful and inveterate enemies. Neither is this surprising. Socrates had his enemies and he fell a victim to their hatred. You are doubly incensed against you on account of your sayings, and against me on account of the liberty extended toward you. They even accuse me of being indirectly league with you for the purpose of depriving the Hebrews of the little civil power which Rome has left them. My request—I do not say my order—is that you be more circumspect in the future and more tender in arousing the pride of your enemies, lest they raise against you the stupid populace and compel me to employ the instruments of justice."

"The Nazarene calmly replied: 'Prince of the earth, your words proceed not from true wisdom. Say to the torrent, stop in the midst of the mountain home; because it will uproot the trees of the valley. The torrent will answer you that it must obey the laws of the Creator. God alone knows whither flows the torrent. Verily I say unto you, before the Rose of Sharon blossoms the blood of the just shall be spilt.'

"Your blood shall not be spilt," replied I with emotion. 'You are more precious in my estimation on account of your wisdom than all the turbulent and proud Pharisees, who abuse the freedom granted them by the Romans, conspire against Caesar and construe our bounty into fear. Insolent wretches, they are not aware that the wolf of the timber sometimes clothes himself with the skin of the sheep. I will protect you against them. My palace of justice is open to you as an asylum.'

"Jesus thoughtfully shook his head and said with a grace and a divine smile: 'When the day shall have come there will be no asylum for the Son of Man, neither in the earth nor under the earth. The asylum of the just is there, pointing to the heavens. That which is written in the books of the prophets must be accomplished.'

"Young man," answered I mildly, 'you oblige me to convert my request into an order. The safety of the province, which has been confided to my care, requires that you must observe more moderation

in your discourses than the Nazarene, who were impatient of the Roman yoke. They could never forgive me for having entered their holy city with banners that bore the image of the Roman Emperor, and although in this instance I had ignorantly committed the fatal error yet the sacrifice did not appear less heinous in their eyes. Another grievance also rankled in their bosoms; I had proposed to employ a part of the treasure in the temple in erecting edifices of public utility, which proposal was scowled at.

"The Pharisees, too, were avowed enemies of Jesus, and they cared not for our government. They bore with bitterness the severe reprimands which the Nazarene, for three years, had been throwing out against them wherever he went. Too weak and pushy to act for themselves, they had eagerly embraced the quarrels of the Herodians and the Sadducees. Besides these two parties I had to contend against the reckless and prodigal populace, always ready to join a sedition, and to profit by the disorder and confusion resulting therefrom.

"Jesus was dragged before the High Priest and condemned to death. I was the reinforcement that had been promised me—two thousand chosen troops, who, to hasten their arrival, had marched all night. It has been decreed by the fates," cried I, wringing my hands, 'that the great iniquity should be accomplished; that for the purpose of averting the deeds of yesterday, troops should arrive to-day. Cruel destiny, how thou sportest with the affairs of mortals!' It was but too true what the Nazarene exclaimed while writhing on the cross: 'All is consummated!'

After coughs and colds the germs of consumption often gain a foothold.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites will not cure every case; but, if taken in time, it will cure many.

Even when the disease is farther advanced, some remarkable cures are effected. In the most advanced stages it prolongs life, and makes the days far more comfortable. Everyone suffering from consumption needs this food tonic.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

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"I am Joseph of Arimathea," replied he, 'and am come to beg of you, upon my knees, the permission to bury Jesus of Nazareth.'

"Your prayer is granted," said I, to him; and at the same time ordered Manlius to take some soldiers with him to superintend the interment, lest it should be interfered with.

"A few days after the sepulchre was found empty. His disciples published all over the country that Jesus had risen from the dead, as he had foretold.

"A last duty remained to be performed, and that was to communicate to the Emperor these deplorable events. I did so on the night that followed the fatal catastrophe, and had just finished the communication when day began to dawn. At that moment, the sound of clarions, playing the air of Dana, struck my ear. Casting my eye toward the Caesarean gate, I beheld a troop of soldiers, and heard at a distance other trumpets sounding Caesar's march.

"It was the reinforcement that had been promised me—two thousand chosen troops, who, to hasten their arrival, had marched all night. It has been decreed by the fates," cried I, wringing my hands, 'that the great iniquity should be accomplished; that for the purpose of averting the deeds of yesterday, troops should arrive to-day. Cruel destiny, how thou sportest with the affairs of mortals!' It was but too true what the Nazarene exclaimed while writhing on the cross: 'All is consummated!'

**A Delicate Subject.**

Professor Mahaffy was once traveling in England, and in the same compartment with him was a melancholy gentleman dressed in black, who inquired of Dr. Mahaffy was he saved? "Yes," was the reply, "but it was a narrow squeak, and I don't like talking much about it."

**Smoked the Samples.**

There was given the other day in an up town street an illustration of the way in which articles are often hopelessly perverted from the uses for which they were intended by their makers. It was at the noon luncheon hour. The Italian laborer who, in accordance with the prevailing fashion, were engaged in tearing up the pavement had suspended their labors and were partaking of their midday meal as they sat on the sidewalks and the steps of the houses.

Presently a man who carried a large basket came around the corner. He started down the street, distributing from the basket at each house a small package of one of the new cereal products at present being advertised as greatly superior to coffee as a beverage. He merely laid these packages on the window sills and did not ring the doorbells. After him at a distance followed one of the Italians, evidently deputed to the task by his companions. He carefully gathered up all of the samples and carried them to where the group of workmen sat. Clearly the Italian knew what the packages contained, for they were opened—not curiously, but in a matter of fact way. The brown, finely ground contents were transferred promptly into the pipe bowls of the assemblage, and, having been set alight, were soon going up in smoke, affording as much pleasure apparently to the sons of toil as if the cereal substitute for coffee had been the finest golden Virginia.—New York Tribune.

**Convicts Needing No Guards.**

The anomalous spectacle of a large gang of penitentiary convicts working in the open, with no officers or armed force to guard them, is presented every day at Yuma, A. T. They are camped on the Colorado river, a little above Yuma, to be exact, and they are engaged in cutting wood for the territory. None of them escapes. None tries to escape. Why do they stay? Because each man guards the other. Each man is a "short timer," none of them having more than a year to serve. All are allowed a rebate for the work they do. When a convict has cut two cords of wood, he has earned a day's rebate on his term. But should one escape all lose rebates. Thus each man becomes his brother's keeper.—San Francisco Call.

**Too Much Prejudiced.**

A Texas judge was robbed of a horse not long ago, and the thief, being apprehended, was brought before him for trial. The judge eyed the prisoner with deep satisfaction for a minute or so and then delivered himself of the following: "Owing to a personal prejudice the court will not hear this case. It will be tried by the sheriff, who will find a verdict in accordance with the facts. In the meantime," he added impressively, "the court will go outside and bend a rope and pick out a good tree."—San Francisco Argonaut.

while the mother tries to keep the hawk from eating the little ones. The hawk will not eat flesh that he thinks is carrion. At a signal from the hidden mother the little ones rise and scamper to her. The hawk is then out of sight.

Some of the things a wild turkey does smack of the reasoning faculty. For instance, a hen will never tread upon the same ground in approaching her nest. She fears to make a path. The ability of the birds to discover danger can hardly be due wholly to sight, phenomenal as it is. Possibly they have a sixth sense. A turkey will detect the movement of a finger 100 yards away. Perfect stillness is the hunter's only chance. Some of them declare that they are afraid to wink one eyelash. As a table bird the wild turkey is much superior to its domesticated brother, especially when baked in the ground and steamed all night in its own royal juices.—Chicago Times-Herald.

**The Cause of Her Anger.**

"Men are the most brutal creatures," said the young wife to her feminine friend. "What makes you think so?"

"The way my husband treated me this afternoon."

"What did he do?"

"He came home from the office, and in the first place he kissed me, and"—

"He ought to be ashamed!"

"Oh, it isn't that, of course. But pretty soon he mentioned casually that he saw Mrs. Dawkins this afternoon and that she had on a beautiful new dress. And then he—what do you suppose he did?"

"I can't guess. What is it?"

"Went to talking about something else."

"The brute!"

"Yes, and I'll die before I will ask him, but"—

"So would I."

But she asked him the very next morning at breakfast, and when he said he believed it was some sort of a green or blue, or possibly brown, with yellow or gray trimmings—he was not certain which—and a dash, she said a woman might as well talk with a Fiji Islander as with her husband for all the instructive information she would obtain from him.

And her husband was surprised to notice that she seemed almost angry about something or other.—Denver Times.

**Italian Regard For Animals.**

Not long ago I was a passenger on one of the lake steamers which ply between Desenzano and Riva. It was a day of wild wind and driving storm. At Salo a peasant of a peculiarly truculent type came on board, clad in the shaggy cloak of the district and bearing a vast blue umbrella no less indigenous. With him, too, he brought his donkey. Now, even Italian steamers do not knowingly admit quadrupeds of this size to the shelter of the fore cabin, though possibly if they did no great harm would be done or sentiment violated. The beast, therefore, was tethered on the open deck and thus became exposed to the fury of wind and weather, not to mention wave. A British peasant would probably have accepted the situation and let him bide. Not so the Lombard. Hastily divesting himself of his ample overcoat, he spread it carefully over the "lower animal's" back, and, unfurling his voluminous umbrella, held that patiently over the asinine head (and his own) all the way to Riva. Now, here, surely, was a good man, merciful to his beast.—London Times.

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and School Requisites of  
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NORWAY PINE  
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To Cure  
COUGHS  
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# Its Not to Late

To buy warm Gloves and Winter Underwear or even a warm Overcoat.

We are having the coldest weather of the season just now and its better to spend a dollar or to on Underwear than on Doctor bills.

Our stock is fairly well assorted for the year. Only the Wombat Coats left to be sold at cost.

Special low prices on all Suits made to order for the next two weeks. Come and make a bargain for yourself.

## J. L. Boyes.

Men's and Boy's Outfitters.

### Farmer's Attention.

#### Wheat

And all kinds of grain wanted at Dafeo's Big Mill, Nanpsee. Highest cash price paid 85c. for good Spring Wheat and having an order for several cars of splendid wheat will pay as high as 85c. for good samples.

I also want bright barley to fill an order and it will pay you to sell yours and buy colored barley to feed.

Bring on your gristing. Feed ground fine on short notice. Wheat exchanged for flour. I give 35 lbs nonesuch for standard wheat and 37 Ontario wheat flour for standard and other grades in proportion to value. Bring your samples and get prices.

### J. R. DAFOE.

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.  
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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.  
Express Office, Nanpsee.  
Strictly Private and Confidential.

## The Nanpsee Express

NANPSEE, FRIDAY, FEB. 4. 1895

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 50 per line for each insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c per line each insertion.

#### Taken by Mistake.

Any person who by mistake changed Overcoats taking a blue beaver and leaving a black beaver, while attending the funeral of Mrs. Smith, Hamburg, on Sunday last will kindly return the same to

MAN. ROBINSON,  
Bath, Ont.

The bear saw his shadow on Tuesday.

Bicknell Bros. shipped a car load of fine hogs on Monday.

Wm. H. Chisholm died at Trenton last week aged 76 years.

All men may be born equal, but they get over it before a week is out.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.

We see by The Trenton Advocate that bread is selling in that town for 10 cents per loaf.

Chas. Johnson, aged 90 years, died at his residence in the township of Richmond on the 25 ult.

Mrs. Wm. P. Smith passed away at her home, near Hamburg, on the 28th ult., aged 58 years.

The Dominion bank is about to open a branch in Montreal, C. A. Bogart, Toronto,

Skates sharpened.

At the Nanpsee bicycle works. W. J. Normile, sign of the Golden Wheel.

#### Lost.

On Saturday evening, [the 22nd of Jan., between Nanpsee and Morven, a grey back robe. Finder will be rewarded by returning to this office, or to Mr. Ed. Kaylor, Morven.

#### Nanpsee Wood Yard.

Corner Mill and Robinson street, hard, soft, cut, or in cordwood, Trenton dry edgings and blocks. Reasonable rates. A call solicited. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. S. J. HOWARD. Telephone 81.

#### Notice.

My supply of water coal has been exhausted, I am now bringing in rail coal. Only persons who ordered their season's supply and those who have been regular customers will be furnished this coal at the old price, viz, \$5.15. To all others the price will be \$5.40 delivered.

F. E. VANLUVEN.

#### Romance in an Egg Shell.

Last July a citizen bought a dozen of eggs at a grocery store, and on examining his purchase he found a line written with a lead pencil, asking the purchaser to communicate with Miss Maggie M., Erinsville, who was a lone spinster, not too bad looking, and in search of a husband. Signing himself David Sprung, care Y.M.C.A., Kingston, the citizen wrote a card to the direction given. Yesterday he received the following letter from the poor, lone spinster: Mr. David Sprung, Kingston, Ont.

"I just received your card yesterday, which you wrote last July 27th. It was mislaid as the address was not just correct. But I am real glad you enjoyed the eggs so well, but so sorry it was not double-yolked as you would have appreciated it much better. I am sorry to hear that you are so lonely a bachelor and I such a lonely maid, but if there is anything I can do to make your miserable life happy, just let me know and I will do all that is in my power. You wanted to know where we could meet. I will leave that to you to appoint. Hoping to hear from you soon. Write at once. My address is Miss Maggie M., Erinsville P.O., Ont."

The recipient of the letter will write at once and ask Maggie to send her photograph and enclose a few tender inquiries as to her mother's health; or perhaps "Maggie" is some young man who is writing to see whom he will catch.—Kingston News.

#### Resolution of Condolence.

At the regular meeting of Puritan Lodge No. 312 A.O.U.W. held on Monday evening January 24th inst., the following resolution was passed. That whereas it has pleased the Great Master Workman of The Universe to remove from our number by death our beloved brother Edward J. Madden Esq. It is therefore resolved that we convey to Mrs. Madden and family our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in this their time of great bereavement, and we desire to express our hearty appreciation of the genial disposition and many other admirable and sterling qualities of our late brother whose death makes the first break in our ranks and whose life and character exemplified in a large degree the watchwords of our order, Charity, Hope and Protection.

Signed on behalf of Puritan Lodge No. 312 A.O.U.W.  
G. W. GLENN, J. J. SHOHEY,  
Master Workman. Recorder.  
Newburgh, Jan. 24th 1895.

#### A Grand Entertainment.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather the sacred concert and organ recital in the Eastern Methodist church on Wednesday evening was largely attended. It is not beside the fact to say that it was one of the finest entertainments ever given in Nanpsee. Mr. Harold Jarvis, the gifted tenor, of Toronto, completely captured the audience and his every effort was encored to the echo. Mr. Jarvis has a rich, clear voice, of wonderful range, and this, together with a fine stage presence, render him irresistible. He is equally at home in Scotch or English songs and his "March of the Cameron Men" took the audience by storm. Miss Lillian M. Hall presided at the organ and rendered several fine solos which were much appreciated. Mr. P. VanBuskirk, Baritone soloist, sang several selections. This gentleman possesses a fine voice but lacks the animation which characterizes all Mr. Jarvis' efforts. Mr. W. D. Rockwell, Nanpsee's talented tenor delighted the audience with several fine selections. Mrs. Frank Vanluven contri-

**DETLOF'S SYRUP OF TAR**  
.....AND WILD CHERRY  
**FOR COUGHS, COLDS**  
and all Pulmonary Affections.  
IT'S GOOD. TRY IT. Sold at  
**MEDICAL HALL.**

#### Ticket Agency Re-Opened.

The Grand Trunk R. R. have re-opened their town ticket agency. Tickets to all points can now be purchased from Mr. J. L. Boyes, and all confusion at the depot thus avoided. The public will find this a great convenience.

#### Death of Henry A. Allen.

Henry A. Allen, a prominent citizen of Marlbank, passed away after a few days illness of pneumonia. Deceased was a son of the late Dr. Allen and a brother of R. B. Allen, of Nanpsee. He leaves a wife, two daughters and one son to mourn his loss. Deceased was about 60 years of age. The funeral took place to the Marlbank cemetery on Monday and was largely attended.

#### Grand Masquerade Carnival.

The first grand masquerade carnival of the season will be held at the Pollard & Wilson rink this (Friday) evening. The curling rink will be open to skaters, and the Citizens' band will furnish choice music during the evening. Three prizes will be given for the best lady masks, and three prizes for the best gentlemen's masks. The prizes are contributed by Boyle & Son, The Robinson Co., Lahey & McKenty, W. G. Coxall, and the proprietors of the rink. A grand time is expected. Admission, 15 cents.

#### The Grant-Lucas Debate.

The much talked of debate on Prohibition between Principal Grant and Dr. Lucas took place at Kingston last week and was largely attended. Dr. Lucas was no match for the astute Principal of Queen's University, although it cannot be said that the speakers applied themselves to answering one another's arguments. The men were not evenly matched as Principal Grant is pre-eminently a debater while Dr. Lucas is more of an orator. The debate yielded \$284.60 after all expenses were met. Of this sum \$185.00 was sent to the Poor Relief Society, a Protestant organization, and \$100 to the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

#### A Fierce Storm.

This has been a record breaking week. The bulb started to descend on Friday night and it has been below the zero mark ever since. On Saturday morning the thermometer registered 28 degrees below. For the past four days we have been treated to an old fashioned blizzard, which reached its height on Wednesday night, and blew itself out on Thursday morning. On Tuesday the roads were so badly blocked that the Kingston stage was unable to make the circuit and remained in town all day. The Erinsville stage came through on Wednesday but was unable to make the return trip. Out in the country the roads are badly blocked and it will take some days to break them.

#### For Public School Teachers.

The following circular has been sent to the Inspector by the Minister of Education: "My attention has been drawn to certain printed note books called 'New School Helps' advertised for use in the Public Schools of the Province. The injurious effects of such helps in the proper study and teaching of the school curriculum must be apparent to every well trained teacher. It has been the settled policy of the Education Department to insist that no books except those on the authorized list can be used as text books in the school, and the use of the new 'School Helps' or other 'Summaries' instead of the authorized text books, is a clear violation of the statutes and the regulations. You are hereby instructed to make immediate enquiry regarding the use of the 'Helps' above referred to, or other 'notes' or 'summaries' which may be substituted for the text books, and to withhold the grants in all cases where the law is violated."

#### EXPRESSIONS.

The editor and ex-editor having exchanged compliments the people are wondering what it is all about.

Now that Grant and Lucas have spoken the Government will no doubt trot out the Plebiscite.

## COUNTY COUNCIL

### JANUARY SESSION.

(Concluded from last week.)  
THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Council came to order at 2 p.m. Moved by Messrs. Symington and Aylsworth that \$25 be granted to the Amherst Island Institute.—Lost.

Moved by Messrs. Martin and Riley that the sum of \$65 be granted to the Farmers' Institutes of this county, to be divided as follows: Addington Institute \$25, Lennox Institute \$20, Amherst Island Institute \$10.—Lost.

Moved by Messrs. Allison and Oliver that \$25 be granted to Addington Institute, \$25 to Lennox Institute and \$15 to Amherst Island Institute.—Lost.

On motion of Messrs. Allison and Oliver \$15 was granted to Amherst Island Farmer's Institute.

A motion by Messrs. Symington and Aylsworth that the Amherst Island Institute be granted \$20 was lost.

On motion \$500 was granted to the Kingston General Hospital as that institution has sustained considerable loss by fire.

Mr. Symington presented a by-law fixing county councillors remuneration which received its first reading.

The council proceeded to elect a High School Trustee for Nanpsee by ballot without nomination. The ballot resulted as follows:

	1st.	2nd.
Nelson Wagar.....	5	7
Stephen Gibson.....	3	1
Jno. English.....	1	2

The Warden declared Nelson Wagar elected.

Rev. Joseph Gandier was appointed High School Trustee for Newburgh. Council adjourned until 10 a.m.

#### FRIDAY MORNING.

Council came to order at 10 a.m., Warden presiding, members all present.

Minutes of yesterday were read and confirmed.

On motion the usual grant of \$25 was granted to the Lennox & Addington Teachers Association.

An account of A. E. Paul, \$2.25, was ordered to be paid.

The council went into committee of the whole on the second reading of Mr. Symington's by-law regulating the remuneration of county councillors and county officials. The by-law was taken up clause by clause.

Clause 1, regulating the duration of each session was struck out.

Clause 2, that the remuneration of each county councillor for attendance at regular or special sessions of the county council shall be \$2.50 per day and mileage at five cents per mile each way was adopted.

Mr. Keech moved that the remuneration be \$8 for each session.

Mr. Symington moved that the remuneration be \$3 per day. Mr. Allison's motion that it be fixed at \$2.50 per day prevailed.

Clause 3 placed the remuneration for service on committee at the same rate as attendance at the sessions of the council, \$2.50 per day and mileage.

Clause 4 provides that should two or more committees be convened on the same day and at the same place then the members of the committee shall be paid only one day's pay and one mileage.

Clause 5 provides that each member of the Board of Audit appointed from the council shall be paid \$2.50 per day and mileage for attendance at the meetings of the Board.

The committee rose and reported progress and asked leave to sit again. Council adjourned until 2 p.m.

#### FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

Council came to order at 2 p.m., Warden presiding.

Mr. Ames presented the first report of the County Property Committee recommending that the following accounts be paid: F. E. Vanluven, \$81.15; Jno. Gleason, \$20; A. W. Grange & Bro., \$3.66. An account of T. A. Huffman, \$5.10, was referred to the Board of Audit. The report of the committee was adopted.

Mr. Keech presented the first report of the Education & Printing Committee recommending that the following accounts be paid: The Star, \$126.83; County Clerk, \$9.10; THE EXPRESS, \$4; the Beaver, \$4; F. Burrows, \$4. Re the account of Grange & Bro., ink for Registry Office, recommended that it be not paid. The committee further recommended that the usual grant of \$400 be made to the poor schools of Addington. That \$10 be paid to the Flinton public school for passing two pupils in the junior leaving examina-

The Kingston Napanee stage was unable to reach the Limestone City on Tuesday owing to the snow blockade.

Maine boasts of a woman 94 years old who rides the bicycle. This goes to prove that there is no fool like an old fool.

After serious illness, like typhoid fever, pneumonia, or the grip. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful strength-giving power.

Police Magistrate Daly assessed the carters and John Gunn \$3 a piece on Friday for running their horses on Dundas street.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the E. M. church last week eight new members were enrolled.

FOR internal or external use HAG YARD'S YELLOW OIL cannot be excelled as a pain relieving and soothing remedy for all pain.

The congregation of the Presbyterian church are considering the advisability of changing the time of holding the morning services from 10.30 to 11 a.m.

Lamps. Lamps. The largest assortment and without doubt the finest lamps in town. They are worth looking at if you don't buy. BOYLE & SON.

The regular quarterly meeting will be held in the E. M. Church on Sunday next. Lye feast at 9.30, and the sacrament will be administered after the evening service.

Parties wishing to purchase best Canadian and pure white American coal oil, would find it to their advantage to call on J. J. Perry, druggist, agent for the Queen City Oil Co., Sarnia oil works.

A Kingston audience hissed the American flag at an entertainment in the Opera house in that city last week. No doubt they all went home hugging themselves with the delusion that they were patriots.

A Storm is Brewing. Your old rheumatism tells you so. Better get rid of it and trust to the weather reports. Scott's Emulsion is the best remedy for chronic rheumatism. It often makes a complete cure.

The Sunday afternoon Temperance meetings in the Royal Templars Hall are growing in interest. Last Sunday Revs. Crothers and Parker and Messrs. Arnott and Karr took part in the proceedings.

The Rev. T. M. Campbell occupied the pulpit of the E. M. church on Sunday morning and delivered an excellent discourse. In the evening the Rev. Dr. Henderson, preached an excellent Missionary sermon.

How long have you lived with your son? asked counsel in a case which was heard at Southwark County Court on Tuesday. "All my life, sir," was the mother's reply which caused roars of laughter, in which the judge heartily joined.

Mrs. W. B. Haines had a narrow escape from being seriously burned on Wednesday morning. Her dress caught fire from a spirit lamp and if her husband had not come to the rescue and smothered the flames the result would have been serious.

Francis Wesley Bull, a piano agent, who has often visited Napanee, wooed and won Miss Carrie Smith, of Ottaville, in three days. It was a case of love at first sight and after three day unalloyed bliss the couple were married. We are waiting for the sequel.

Go to R. Lawson's meat market for prime fresh beef, pork, veal, lamb and all kinds of salted meat. Home-made sausage and all kinds of poultry in season, fine sugar cured hams and English breakfast bacon, always on hand. Prices to suit the times. 221f

Mandolin and Quartette Club of Queen's University, Kingston, gave a very enjoyable entertainment in the Brisco Opera house on Friday night last. Owing to the severity of the weather the attendance was not as large as the merits of the concert deserved.

Catarrh is a Disease which requires a constitutional remedy. It cannot be cured by local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla is wonderfully successful in curing catarrh because it eradicates from the blood the scrofulous taints which cause it. Sufferers with catarrh find a cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla, even after other remedies utterly fail.

A. S. Kimmery is selling large quantities of Keewatin Flour because it is as cheap as any flour in the market. Try our celebrated 25c. tea, it beats all others at 85c., and our 15 cent tea has no equal at 25c. Sugars are cheaper again. Dodd's Kidney Pills, 40c. per box, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills 40c. per box, Carter's Little Pills 15c. per bottle. I pay the highest

price for all goods. It was a most enjoyable and successful affair.

#### Board of Registration.

The Board of Registration of Manhood Suffrage Voters will hold two sittings in the council chamber in the Napanee town hall for the registration of persons claiming to be entitled to vote in the oncoming Ontario elections under the provisions of the new Provincial law. His Honor Judge Wilkinson is chairman of the board and the members are James Daly, Police Magistrate, and W. P. Deroche, Clerk of County Court. James E. Herring has been appointed clerk of the board. The first sitting will be held on Monday, Feb. 7th, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and continue until six o'clock in the evening, with intermission from one to two o'clock. The second sitting will be held on Tuesday, Feb. 8th, at 10 a.m. and continue until 9 o'clock in the evening. The new act provides that every male person of the full age of twenty-one, a subject of the Queen by birth or naturalization, is entitled to be entered upon the list of manhood suffrage voters for the polling sub division in which he resides as provided by Sec. 4, Chap. 8, R. S. O., 1897:— Every male person twenty-one years of age, who has resided within the Province twelve months next preceding the first sitting of the Board of Registration and for three months in the municipality and for thirty days domiciled within the riding. To be entitled to have your name on the list you must have been a resident of the riding of Lennox on Nov. 7th. The act only applies to cities and county towns. It will be necessary for all persons not having property qualifications to register. Registration does not make you liable for poll tax, where such is in force. All young men should see that their names are placed on the lists.

#### The Ponton Case.

Under a flash heading the Belleville Ontario on Wednesday published the following: "A rumor on the streets to-day to the effect that W. H. Ponton, who has an action pending against the Dominion Bank for \$50,000 damages for false arrest and imprisonment, had been offered \$10,000 by the bank to drop the case, caused no little sensation and was one of the principal topics of discussion on the streets. A reporter of the Ontario called on Mr. E. Gus Porter, Mr. Ponton's solicitor, and asked him if there was anything in the rumor. Mr. Porter said there was nothing at present for publication. "Did the bank officials make any kind of an offer?" further inquired the scribe. "I cannot say anything at present," said Mr. Porter, "but I will say that if the bank officials were to offer \$10,000 it would be promptly refused. We have too good a case to be satisfied with that sum, and such an offer could not be entertained." There is every reason to believe the bank has made some advances, but they have been met with a bold reception, and no doubt when the case comes up in April next it will prove one of the most interesting trials that have ever taken place in Belleville." An Express representative called Mr. J. H. Madden's attention to the article. "It's all rot," said the solicitor for the Dominion Bank. Mr. Madden said the article was a pure fabrication. The case will be tried at Napanee unless a change of venue is asked for. Mr. Fepler, manager of the Napanee branch of the Dominion Bank, says the bank has made no overtures to Mr. Ponton, and that there is no truth in the rumor circulated by the Ontario.

#### KIDNEY PAIN.

John Snell, of Wingham, Ont., was in a Maelstrom of Pain and Agony from Diseased Kidneys—South American Kidney Cure was the Welcome "Life Preserver"—It Relieves Instantly and Cures Surely.

"Five years ago I had a severe attack of La Grippe which affected my kidneys and caused intense pains in my back and urinary organs. I suffered untold misery, at times I could not walk, and any standing position gave me intense pain. I became worse so rapidly that my family became alarmed. Just at this time I noticed South American Kidney Cure advertised. Although I had little faith left in any remedy—having tried so many worthless ones—but a drowning man will grasp at a straw, and I procured a bottle. In a few days it had worked wonders, and before half a bottle was taken I was totally relieved of pain and two bottles entirely cured me.

James Reid, an old resident of Shannonville, died last week.

It is easier to write up a victory than explain a defeat.

The men who liken curling to marbles on a large scale have never participated in the roarin' game.

The spectacle of the members of the county council voting down a motion to increase their own pay was fit for the electorate to gaze on.

The storm on Wednesday was a howling success.

The weather has gone back on this year's almanac.

The "mild winter" has taken to the woods.

These are palmy days for the coal merchant.

The "oldest inhabitant" writes us that this winter reminds him of old times. It will also prove a gentle reminder to many that the coal bin will soon need replenishing.

This is ideal weather for testing the staying qualities of the English sparrow.

The ice that is thickening now will prove grateful in July.

There wasn't much spring in the live grasshopper that James Robinson, of Hay Bay, found on a twig near his house on January 23rd.

Our Lady of the Snows is vindicating Rudyard Kipling.

#### CAMPAIGN CLIPPINGS.

Mr. G. D. Hawley, Sheriff, and Mr. Stephen Gibson, County Registrar, have been appointed Returning Officers for the electoral districts of Addington and Lennox respectively.

Mr. Whitney and Col. Mathieson addressed a meeting at Kingston on Tuesday night.

Mr. W. P. Hudson has declined the Conservative nomination for East Hastings. Mr. John Stokes has consented to be the victim.

Mr. McRae has withdrawn from the contest in Frontenac and the fight is between Haycock and Gallagher, with the odds in "Joe's" favor.

The Liberals of West York had a rousing meeting at Weston, and at an enthusiastic banquet in the evening a vocalist sang an original composition, a take-off on the Tories' pig "scandal," of which the following is a verse:

The Ontario government is the only government on this continent whose name appears in the dominion year book without a dollar of debt against it. A government with such a record is worth keeping in power.—Brantford Expositor.

They hitched a pig to the party pig. The lines were held by the Saint. At every turn they had pork to burn. Till the people were sick and faint. They drove the pig into Parliament.

Where the Saint set up a sty; When every one asked what on earth he meant.

He replied "Root, hog, or die."

Hon. W. Harty has again been chosen as the standard bearer of the Liberals of Kingston. A monster rally was held at Kingston on Monday night, at which Premier Hardy delivered a stirring address. Mr. B. E. Aylsworth, the Liberal Candidate for Lennox also delivered a short speech.

Mr. Alf. Martin, County Commissioner, and secretary of the Addington Reform Association was in town on Thursday and favored us with a call. He brings cheering news of Mr. F. S. Wartman's prospects in the oncoming contest. In Camden many Conservatives are looking to the Liberal candidate's standard and cheering news comes from the districts in the back of the county. Wartman is a sure winner.

Mrs. Hiram M. Wright, formerly of Napanee Mills, died at Chicago on Jan. 20th.

**Our Own CONDITION POWDER**  
is unequalled as a  
**BLOOD PURIFIER AND**  
**GENERAL TONIC**  
FOR HORSES AND CATTLE  
**THE MEDICAL HALL.**  
**W. S. Detlor.**

at Plinton for passing the public school leaving examination pupils, providing that the municipalities interested pay the examiner's expenses of said examination, and that it be affiliated with the Napanee High School. That Bowen E. Aylsworth be a delegate from this council to the trustees convention to be held at Toronto on April 2nd. That the petition of the County of Bruce be filed. That the chairman call for tenders for printing for the year 1898.

The report of the committee was adopted. The council went into committee of the whole for the further consideration of Mr. Symington's by-law.

Clause six in reference to fixing the County Clerk's salary was struck out.

Mr. Symington moved that the Clerk's salary be fixed at \$300 per year this to cover all supplies and stationery required by him.

The clerk receives \$300 per year and the council supplies the necessary stationery. The general impression of the council was that the County's Clerk's remuneration is little enough now without calling upon him to supply his own stationery, and therefore the clause in the by-law was struck out and the salary left as heretofore.

Clause seven provides that the messenger shall be paid \$1 per day for attendance on the council while in session.

Messrs. Martin and Keech moved that the services of a messenger be dispensed with, but it was voted down.

The by-law as amended received its third reading, and was signed, sealed numbered and finally passed.

Council adjourned until 10 a.m.

#### SATURDAY MORNING.

Council came to order at 10 a.m., Warden presiding, members all present.

Minutes of yesterday were read and confirmed.

An account of S. J. Howard, \$2.75, was ordered to be paid.

A tender from Mr. Chas. Stevens re County printing was received.

On motion Mr. Stevens' tender was ordered to be opened.

Mr. Stevens agreed to do the county printing and advertising for the year 1898 for \$400.

On motion the time for receiving tenders for county printing was extended for one hour.

On motion \$25 was granted to the Lennox Farmers' Institute and \$25 to Addington Institute.

The second report of the County Property Committee, recommending that the Warden and Clerk's report be adopted and that the tender of Richard Lawson for supplying beef to the gaol at 5 1/2 cents per pound be accepted, and that the tender of Jamieson & Steacy for supplying bread at \$1.20 per dozen loaves and potatoes at 30 cents per bushel be accepted. The report was adopted.

The Finance Committee presented their

**Fur Caps**

**Grey Lamb Caps for Children.**

**Men's and Boy's Ulsters.**

**Boy's Suits.**

**Heavy Underwear.**

Will be sold at a great reduction for the next two weeks.

Do not fail to get our prices before purchasing.

**D. J. Hogan**  
& SON.



# WINTER SALE

AT

## Lahey & McKenty's

Balance of Last Season's 12½ and 10c.  
Prints, at

# 5c. PER YARD.

## On Saturday Next, Feb. 5th

Each Purchaser of \$2 worth of goods, in either of our Stores, on that day, will have the privilege of purchasing 10 yards of any of last season's prints at 5c. per yard, and for each additional \$2 an additional 10 yards.

### FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED

as long as they last.

## SALE DISCOUNTS

### STILL IN FORCE.

Be Early.

*Lahey & McKenty*  
NAPANEE

first report recommending that Newburgh Village be paid \$22.42 for expenses incurred in sending Mrs. Watts to the asylum. The Townships of Kaladar, Anglessea

#### PERSONALS.

Mrs. Ezra Mallory, of Dorland, will leave for California in the spring to visit her children. Geo. Egar, Geo. Butler, R. Miller, T. P. Cullane

Diamond Dyes are the Only  
Safe and Pure Dye-stuffs

Church of England Notes  
Church of S. Mary Magdalene—Sunday

The Townships of Kaladar, Angles and Ellingham was ordered to be paid \$21 for expenses incurred in removing Wm. Airhart a lunatic, to the asylum. The report was adopted.

On motion of Messrs. Martin and Keech the grants to public schools, for passing pupils in the public school leaving examinations were discontinued.

Council adjourned until 1.30 p.m.

#### SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Council came to order at 1.30 p.m., Wardens presiding.

Chas. Stevens offered to do the county printing for \$400.

Mr. Jno. Pollard was heard in reference to the county printing. He put in a verbal tender of \$300.

On motion Mr. John Pollard was awarded the county printing for the year 1898.

On motion Jno. Cheetham was granted \$1.50 per day for services as messenger during the session.

Council adjourned until the 1st Tuesday in June.

#### Another Wilton Boy Heard From.

Peter I. Storms, son of the late Robert Storms, returned from the Klondike last December and went to San Francisco. He expects to leave there about the middle of March for the gold fields. We hope Peter will strike a nugget as big as a goose egg.

#### An Ernestown Boy.

Mr. Fred Peters, son of Israel Peters, formerly of Ernestown and at one time clerk for D. E. Warner at Wilton, writes Mr. Warner that he is located at White-water, Manitoba. He says he is a dealer in dry-goods, notions, boots and shoes, hardware, groceries, drugs, stationery, produce etc., and has a grain elevator, boarding house, is agent for the Dominion Express Company, and C. P. R. Telegraph, and Fire Insurance and expects the post office and C. P. R. agent. Mr. Peters wants a young doctor to locate there either on his own account or under a salary from him. Whitewater is a small village on the railroad and the surrounding country is well settled. Mr. Peters says a physician applying should be a young unmarried man one that will work his way up with the country, and who is not afraid of hard work.

#### HOCKEY NOTES.

In the hockey match at Picton last week in which our boys were vanquished by a score of 4 to 2 the Napanee team complain of the treatment accorded them by the spectators. They say Picton has a swift team and it is to be hoped a return match can be arranged.

The match to have been played at Belleville on Tuesday night was postponed at the request of the Belleville team.

The Deseronto team visited Belleville last week and were defeated by a score of 15 to 3 in a match for the Corby cup.

The Printers and Tinkers battled for fun and glory at the Pollard & Wilson rink on Saturday night. The match was stubbornly contested and resulted in a tie—each side scoring three goals.

The Crystals, of Kingston, and the Tigers, of Napanee, will battle for supremacy at the Pollard & Wilson rink on Saturday evening.

Frank Birkley had his cheek perforated while playing hockey on Monday night. It came in contact with the point of a skate.

Regiopoli College, Kingston, defeated Sydenham on Saturday by a score of 4 to 3. Boyle & Son are bound to encourage amateur sport. They have put up a two-gallon tin cup to be competed for by the Tinkers and Printers hockey clubs. Go-as-you-please rules to govern and the referee to pay his own life insurance premiums. The cup is on exhibition in Boyle & Son's show window.

At Cloyne B. H. Snider was fined for using a cancelled postage stamp.

W. H. Asselstine, of Newburgh, will erect a steam saw mill at Harlowe.

James German will remove from Empey Hill to Sidney, where he has leased a farm.

Mrs. Gretta May Atkinson, of Odessa, was married to J. A. W. Patterson last week.

The Epworth League social will be held at the parsonage, Selby, this (Friday) evening.

Lewis Snider, an old resident near Odessa, died very suddenly while working about the farm.

Holy Trinity, the New Anglican church at Sheffield Station, was dedicated by Rural Dean Bogart on the 30th ult.

On Monday Miss Maggie Kialta, Marysville, was united in marriage by Rev. J. C. ...

Geo. Egar, Geo. Butler, R. Miller, T. P. Culhane and W. G. Johnston drove to Napanee on Monday night to attend a dance at Mrs. J. McKenty's. They report a good time.—Deseronto Tribune.

Mrs. Ezra Parks, of Hay Bay, who has been ill with pneumonia, is improving.

Albert H. McCullough, of Lonsdale, is undergoing treatment at the Kingston General Hospital.

Rev. Mr. Burton, of Queen's College, preached in the Presbyterian church here on Sunday morning.

Mr. W. G. Wilson arrived in town on Wednesday. He was "snowed up" at Tamworth since Monday. "W. G." says the roads are badly blocked and the snow is packed very hard.

Mr. Albert Hays spent Sunday in town with his parents. He has passed the necessary examinations for the ministry and will take an appointment in Dakota in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Alexander were at home to a number of friends on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. A. W. Grange and son George, returned this week from London where they were visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Daly.

Mrs. W. K. Pruyn entertained a number of friends on Thursday evening of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gues, of Keplar, were visiting Miss Emma Bennett last week.

Mr. Alex. McKee, of Emerald, Amherst Island, favored us with a call on Wednesday.

The Messrs. Coxall, Piety Hill, entertained a number of friends to a progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Fred Drewery, of Newburgh, attended the liberal rally at Kingston on Monday.

Messrs. Archie McNeill, George Perry and John Burley left Napanee this week en route for the Klondike.

Dr. Cook, of Toronto, is spending a few days in town.

Bowen E. Ayerworth, Esq., candidate for Lennox, was in Napanee on Wednesday.

Crish Wilson, M. P., and Mrs. Wilson, left for Ottawa on Wednesday to attend the opening of Parliament.

Miss Carrie Switzer, daughter of Anson Switzer Esq., of Carlton Place, who has been visiting friends in town for the past month has decided to remain another month as she is much taken up with Napanee.

S. Davy, Napanee, has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Geo. Brady, Kingston.

Mr. Walter Scott and sister, of Harlowe, have been visiting in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bratton, of Calabogie, are visiting friends in this vicinity.

Miss Grace Pringle, of Selby, daughter of the late Allen Pringle, will leave for New York City in a few days where she will enter the Good Samaritan Hospital as a nurse-in-training.

Miss Johnson, of Fergus, N.Y., is the guest of her cousin, Miss E. E. Kane.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, of Picton, have been visiting Mr. C. A. Graham.

Mrs. J. King Strong is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. D. W. Spencer, who is undergoing treatment at the Kingston hospital, is improving.

Mr. Ed. Francisco spent a few days in Montreal last week.

Mrs. Frank Denyes, of Odessa, who has been undergoing treatment at the Kingston General Hospital has returned to her home. She is not improving as rapidly as her friends would like.

Mr. D. Schermerhorn, of Selby, was in town on Tuesday and favored us with a call.

Mr. Walter Hoxey, of G.N.W. telegraph office, left for Ottawa this week where he has secured a good situation with the C.P.R. Telegraph, Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Waller were "at home" to a number of their friends on Friday evening.

E. W. Loyst, of Hayburn, returned home last week after spending two weeks with General Davis and Mr. Wood, of New York City seeing the sights which were well enjoyed. He reports General Davis to be in excellent good health.

Mr. Geo. Parrott, of Belleville, is visiting in town.

Miss Sherrin is visiting at her home in Bowmanville.

Rev. Dr. Crothers and Mr. M. S. Madole attended the tea meeting at Hay Bay on Monday night.

#### BIRTHS.

HEGGADORN.—At Deseronto, on the 13th inst., the wife of James Heggadorn, of a son.

THOMPSON.—At Deseronto on the 22nd inst., the wife of Robert Thompson, of a son.

#### SHATTERED NERVES AND PARALYSIS.

Shattered Nerves Developed Nervous Prostration—Nervous Prostration Developed Total Paralysis of One Side—Great South American Nerve and Complicated Circumstances Overcomes All, and Restores Wife and Mother in Good Health to her Family—These are the Written Words of Edward Parr, Surry Centre, B.C.

"My wife was taken bad last August with nervous prostration, which later on developed into paralysis of one side. We tried many remedies, but all in vain. I thought I would try South American Nerve, having seen it advertised in the New Westminster, B.C., papers, and I am glad to be able to say that the result after taking three bottles was an astonishment to myself and family. It worked wonders for her and we cannot speak too highly of this great remedy." No case so acute or of too long standing to defy its wonderful merits.

## Safe and Pure Dye-stuffs.

Our legislators have enacted stringent laws for the prevention of food adulteration, and as result our people have been benefited, and all classes of our population get value for their money.

It would be a boon to the women of Canada if the adulteration act applied to pack age dyes sold for home dyeing. Dye-stuffs are now used in tens of thousands of homes, and too frequently valuable goods and materials are spoiled by use of adulterated dyes that should be prohibited by law.

The Diamond Dyes for long years have given the most complete satisfaction. They are the only reliable, pure and fast dyes now before the public—the only package dyes that can stand the most crucial chemical tests.

Diamond Dyes are sold by all up-to-date druggists and dealers. If you meet a dealer who recommends some other make of dye, pause before you buy from him. Such a dealer is working only for big profits; he has no regard for your success and comfort.

#### What a Spectacle!

Professor (of astronomy)—How many of the planets can be seen with the naked eye?

Dear Little Girl—I don't know, sir. We have no naked eyes in Boston.—Chicago Tribune.

#### Proof.

"How do you know he isn't a college man?"

"He had two opportunities to say 'var-sity' while I was talking with him, and he didn't do it either time."—Chicago Post.

#### THE COMING OF LOVE.

I dreamed that love came as the oak trees grow.

By the chance dropping of a tiny seed, And then from moon to moon with steady speed,

Though torn by winds and chilled with heed-less snow,

The sap of pulsing life would upward flow Till in its might the heavens themselves could read.

Portents of power that they must learn to heed, This was my dream. The waking proved not so, For love came like a flower and grew apace.

I saw it blossom tenderly and frail, Till the dawn spring had run its eager race. Then the rough wind teased high the petals red.

The seed fell far in soil beyond my pale. I know not now if love be lost or dead.

—Helen May in Harper's Magazine.

#### NOISY GALLERY GODS.

The Tribe is Worse in England Than Over Here, Though.

First God (whistling anxiously across the house)—Hi, "Arny, where's little Billy?"

Second God (returning the cat call)—Hi, "Arny, where's little Billy?"

First God (Well, of all the bloomin' blokes. (Intrepidly) I'm off to turn Billy upside down and get that "bob" back.

First Goddess (with severity)—Sit down, Jim. Don't make a exhibition of yourself. Sit down, I say. Ave done.

First God (resolutely)—I'm going arter Billy (endeavors to force his way out).

Various Voices of Expostulation—Keep quiet! Sit down! You're drunk!

First God (indignantly facing his accusers)—All right. Keep your 'air on. Drunk, am I? We'll soon see who's drunk.

First Goddess (in minatory tones)—Look 'ere, Jim, it's the last time I ever come out with you, see if it ain't. You're a disgrace, that's what you are. No, never again.

Second Goddess (with the best intentions)—My good woman, 'adn't you better take your 'usband 'ome?

First Goddess (promptly returning good for evil)—Who are you a-talking to? I'm not a good woman, and this gentleman ain't my husband. No need for you to interfere.

Second Goddess (loudly to a neighboring divinity)—What a hojious person, dear.

First Goddess (with bellicose looks)—Person, indeed! There are some persons who'd be better at 'ome frying their ugly faces. No, Jim, I shan't. 'She's no lady. (The orchestra strikes up.)

Voices (from behind, as before)—Sh! Sh! Order! Silence! Turn 'er out!

First Goddess (competing with the trombone)—That's what I say, turn 'er out! Impertinence! And in such wise, until the curtain rises, when her attention is as once attracted to the stage. Oh, my! Jim, ain't that beautiful!—London World.

CHURCH OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE—Sunday Services: Holy Communion I and III Sundays of the month after Matins; II, IV and V Sundays at 8 a.m. Matins every Sunday at 11 a.m., Evensong at 7 p.m. Leaflets with service in full distributed at Evensong.

PARISH OF CAMDEN—Services Sunday next. St. Luke, Camden East, morning prayer, Holy Communion, St. Anthony, Parker, 3 o'clock; St. John, Newburgh, 7 o'clock; St. Jude, Napanee Mills, 7 o'clock.

It was one o'clock on Wednesday morning before the Tamworth train reached Napanee owing to the snow blockade.

The tea meeting to have been held at Empey Hill on Tuesday night was postponed owing to the inclement weather.

John Henderson, died at Mount Pleasant last week. His remains were placed in the Napanee cemetery vault on Sunday.

On Wednesday an old lady, 65 years of age, was found dead in a miserable old shack in the city—Hamilton, her body being frozen stiff.

Quarterly services will be held in the Methodist church, Selby, on Sunday morning next. The official meeting will be held on Wednesday at 2 p.m.

It is stated that Mr. Fred Bicknell, of Camden East, will take up his residence in Napanee. Last year Bicknell Bros. paid for live stock along about \$200,000.

Alice Ann Sexsmith, beloved wife of Mr. Henry Rath, died at her home in Tweed on Saturday. She was born in the town of Richmond on June 26th, 1833.

The G. T. R. and C. P. R. have again opened up their down town ticket agencies. J. L. Boyes is ticket agent for the G. T. R. and E. McLaughlin for the C. P. R.

Belleville is threatened with a winter flood. The Moira river is steadily rising, and already several families living along its banks have sought other shelter.

The Rathbun Company has two large camps in Stanhope township, and nearly 200 jobbers are also at work for the firm. The pine logs will be floated to Deseronto.

Hand bills have been issued calling a meeting of the people of Deseronto "to consider important matters having to do with additional industries for Deseronto."

Of all our modern maxims, This is the first we boast;

The man who has no office, Cries for reform the most.

Sir Oliver M. owned by Mr. F. D. Miller, of Bath, took first place in the 2.50 class at Montreal on Wednesday in one, two, three order. Johnnie P. took second money. Eleven horses started.

#### A Very Young Partisan.

At the time of one of the late presidential campaigns, when even children caught the infection of politics, Hattie, between 8 and 9 years old, accompanied her mother upon a visit to some friends in Michigan. Upon the first evening in the strange house, when Hattie's hour for going to sleep came, who was so excited it was difficult for her to compose herself. At last her mother said:

"Hattie, dear, I am anxious that you get quiet and go to sleep because I want to go down stairs and join in the evening prayers."

"Who's doing to pway?" asked Hattie.

"Why, Uncle William, of course, dear."

"Uncle William pway?" said the baby, with wide eyed astonishment and springing up in bed in the vigor of her surprise.

"Why, I fawt he was a Demokwat?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Pollard and Wilson's Rink

Open for curling every afternoon and evening (except Sunday.) Admission, non-ticket holders, 10c.

Open for skating every afternoon (except Sunday) and Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. Admission to non-ticket holders, 10c.

Open for hockey on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings. Admission to non ticket holders, 10c.

Season tickets, curlers, \$5.00. Juvenile skating (afternoons only) \$1. Ladies (afternoons and three evenings per week) \$1.50. Gentlemen's full ticket for hockey and skating and afternoons \$2.50.

## WANTED, HELP.

Reliable man in every locality, local or traveling, to introduce a new discovery and keep our cards posted. Looked upon as a success and a bridge throughout town and country. Steady employment, commission or salary, 60c per month and expenses and money deposited in bank with the agent. Write to the World Medical and Surgical Co., 100 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.